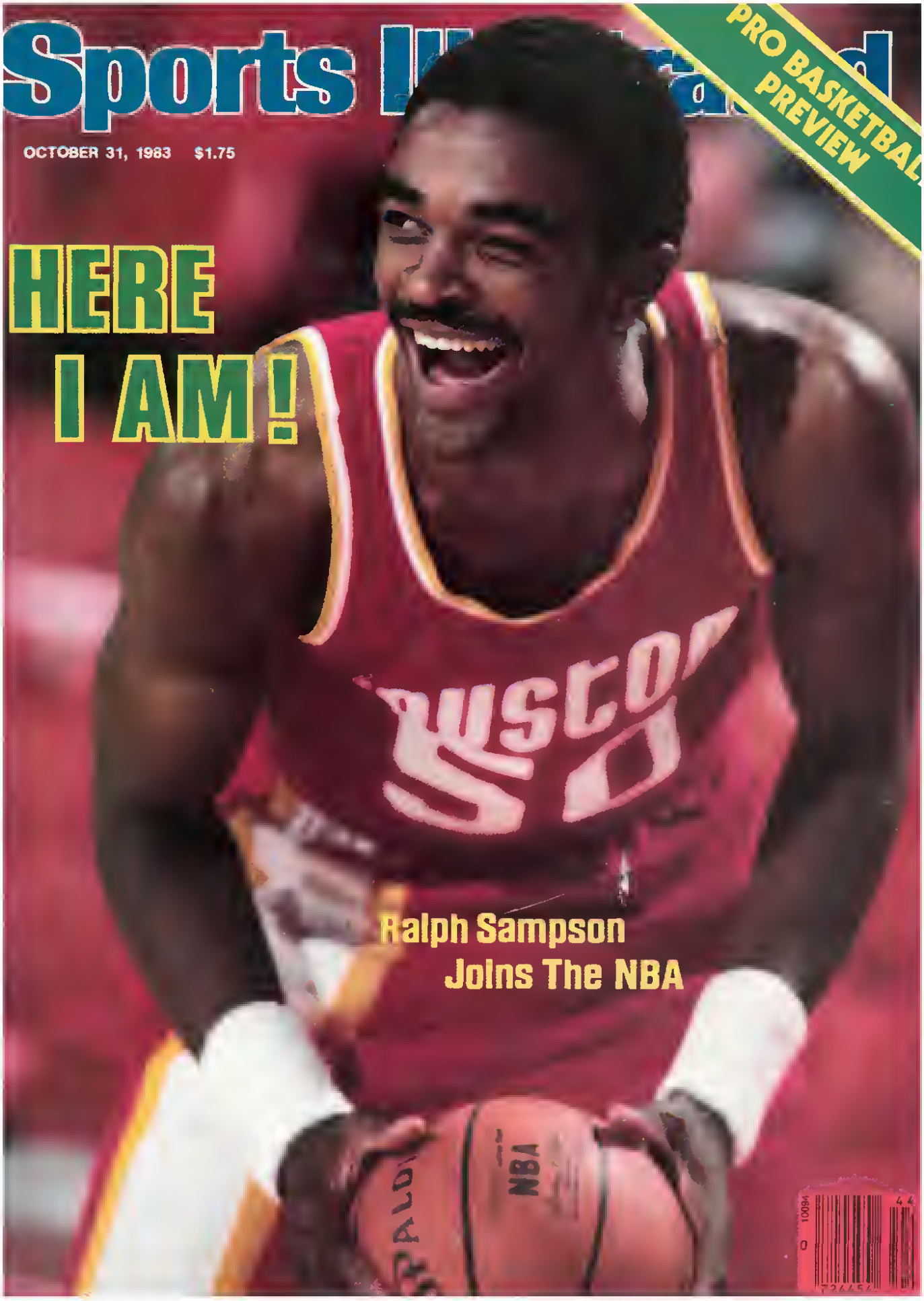
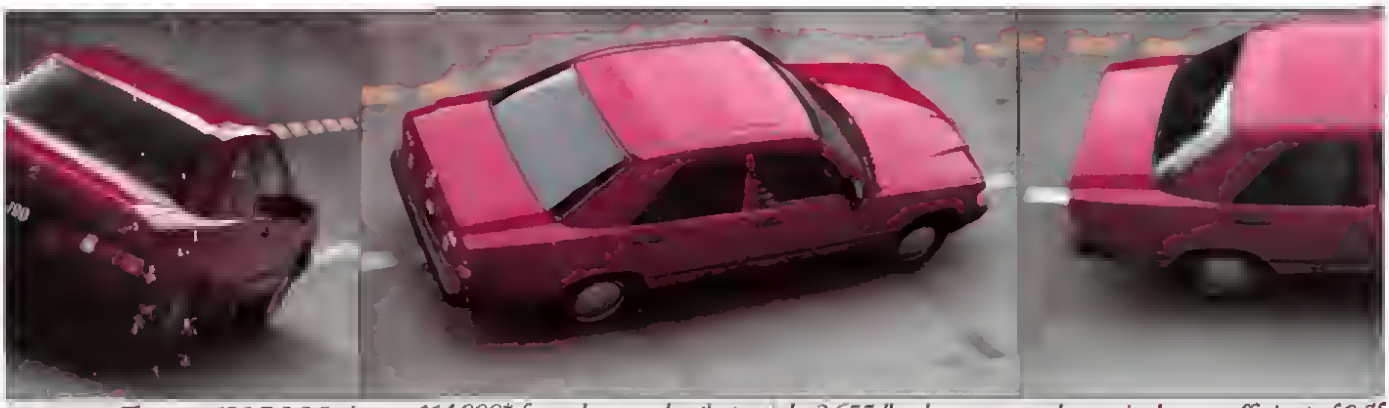

Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 31, 1983 $1.75
PRO BASKETBALL PREVIEW
HERE I AM!
Ralph Sampson Joins The NBA
NBA



The new 190 E 2.3 Sedan: a $24,000 four-door wedge that weighs 2,655 lbs., has an aerodynamic drag coefficient of 0.35*

Introducing the new 190 Class: the standards of Mercedes-Benz in an automobile like none before.

MERCEDES-BENZ HAS computed a bold new equation of space and mass and energy. From it has emerged a new automotive category: the 190 Class of gasoline- and diesel-powered sedans, priced in the $24,000 range.

The 190 Class extends the unique Mercedes-Benz synthesis of high technology, obsessive quality and sheer driving exhilaration into territory ripe for such leadership.

It breaks through previous limits. Sets new performance parameters. Achieves a level of balanced excellence achieved by no other automobiles of similar size and weight.

In sum, the 190 Class is more than a new model from Mercedes-Benz. It is a new example for the automotive world of the eighties.

BREAKTHROUGH SUSPENSION

The engineers spent five years, and investigated 70 variations of eight principal systems, en route to the *multilink* independent rear suspension that is the car's crowning technological advance.

It helps make this four-door Mercedes-Benz a blend of agility and stability that, *Road & Track* predicts, "...will challenge some of the finest sports sedans in the world on just about any road you choose."

Each rear wheel is independently located by five precisely aligned links, which swing through interacting arcs during wheel movement and function as a unit to maintain the rear wheels in an attitude parallel to the road surface. Translation: the 190 Class tracks as if on rails. Roadholding poise and adhesion are almost uncanny.

The 190 Class is the trimmest and lightest Mercedes-Benz sedan of modern times. Multilink suspension makes it the best-handling Mercedes-Benz sedan in history.

The new 190E 2.3 Sedan seeks to redefine four-cylinder gasoline performance—upward.

Its fuel-injected 2.3-liter engine lifts the 190E to a 115-mph-plus test track maximum, yet generates high torque at low engine speeds for responsive snap in every driving range—even in fourth gear at 55 mph. It is an engine superbly matched with an automobile that almost begs for spirited driving. Smoothness was not forgotten; it carries *eight* crankshaft counterweights, plus a vibration damper.

NEW KIND OF DIESEL

The new 190D 2.2 Sedan equally revises ideas about four-cylinder diesel performance. It advances Mercedes-Benz diesel engine technology to new levels of sophistication and efficiency. (In cold weather, it even preheats its own fuel.) And in perhaps the most imaginative diesel noise-abatement step of them all, it sits *encapsulated* within the engine compartment, surrounded by sound-deadening panels.

Introduced simultaneously with these new engines is a new five-speed manual gearbox, with synchromesh even on reverse and fifth functioning as an overdrive gear for easier highway cruising. You can order this manual or a four-speed automatic version of both the 190E and 190D.

The 190 Class achieves what few production automobiles and almost no four-door sedans have ever achieved: an aerodynamic drag coefficient of 0.35.

Wind roar is dulled to almost nothing. So obsessed with aero-

*Approximate suggested advertised delivered price at port of entry. †See your authorized dealer for complete warranty information. ©1983 Mercedes-Benz N.A. Inc., Montvale, NJ



an reach 115-mph-plus on the test track, and is built to the uncompromising standards of Mercedes-Benz.

dynamic efficiency were its designers that they even faired a wind deflector onto the undersides of the main rear suspension arms, to help manage the airflow streaming beneath the car.

"WHICH MERCEDES IS THIS?"

Into this 14½-foot aerodynamic wedge has been designed civilized passenger space, accessible via four wide-opening doors and backed by a deep, rectangular 11.7-cubic-foot trunk.

"The most astounding thing happens when you take the driver's seat...you would be hard pressed to tell what Mercedes you are in," marvels one writer.

This no doubt derives in some measure from the sense of security and solidity imparted by every Mercedes-Benz. Another reason may be that its 41 inches of front legroom exactly matches that found in the largest Mercedes-Benz sedans built today.

The two supple front bucket-type seats are adjustable to almost infinite combinations of height, seatback rake, and fore-and-aft travel. The standards of Mercedes-Benz prevail in comfort as they do in engineering: the 190 Class is fully equipped and consummately well crafted, down to its hand-worked wood interior trim.

The 190 Class carries forward intact the Mercedes-Benz safety philosophy and Mercedes-Benz safety technology. Such critical features as collapsible front and rear body sections, meant to absorb kinetic energy in a major impact, are designed in. One nontechnological innovation is worth note: the 190 Class comes with a remarkable 48-month-or-50,000-mile limited warranty as standard.†

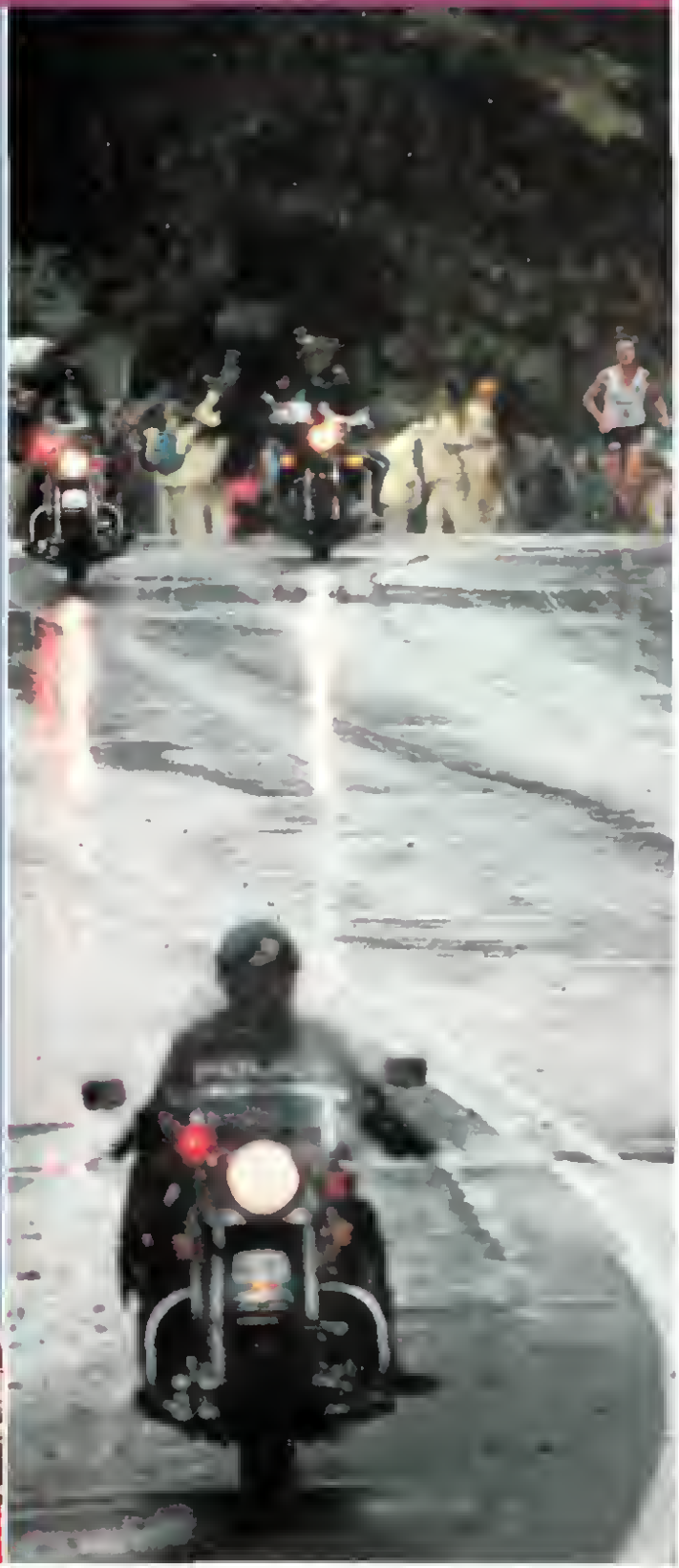


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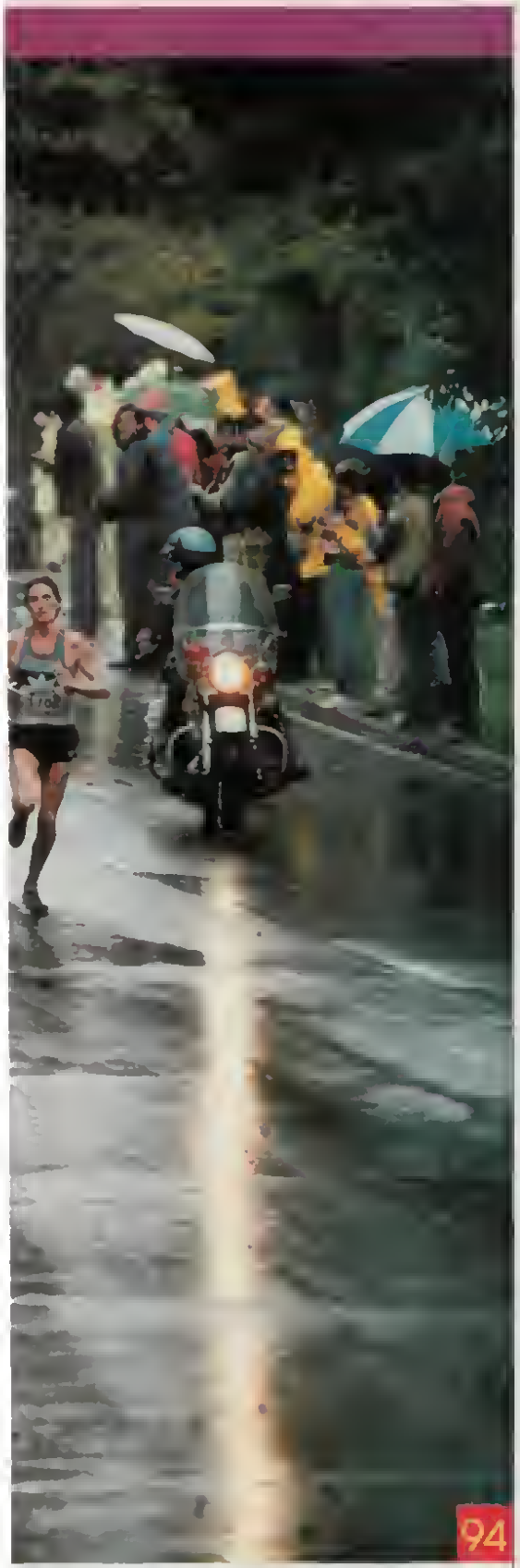
The 190 Class, in the form of the new 190E 2.3 and 190D 2.2 Sedans, opens an exciting new chapter in automotive history. It meanwhile continues one of the oldest traditions in automotive history. For what it achieves has been achieved without deviating by one single millimeter from the sacred standards that make a Mercedes-Benz a Mercedes-Benz.

Engineered like no other car in the world





As the NBA season begins, look for Moses Malone to drill Philly's rivals one mo' time. As for Rod Dixon, it looked to be lights out as he trailed Geoff Smith in the New York City Marathon with less than a mile to go, but Dixon staged a stunning and triumphant finish.



Sports Illustrated

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



COTTON: ONE-ON-ONE WITH THE HOUSTON FRANCHISE

Staff Writer Anthony Cotton, whose story on the "work ethic" in the NBA begins on page 46, has been an industrious man himself the past few weeks. While gathering material for the piece on the willing workers, as well as for a profile on Houston Rockets rookie Ralph Sampson (*page 38*) and for his Pacific Division scouting report, Cotton ended up logging some 14,300 miles flying to Atlanta, Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Phoenix, Chicago, Dallas, Houston and Denver.

One side effect of all of this was a case of what may be called Traveling Journalist's Paranoia, or fear of having left one's notes in the hotel room. "Four or five times I thought, 'I've left them,' and went back to check the hotel room again," Cotton says. He had not left them, of course, and in the meantime he acquired a rainbow of torn baggage tags on the handle of his suitcase and, among other things, a consensus as to which players deserved to make the All-NBA Work-Ethic Team. "Once we decided to develop the idea of a work-ethic team," he says, "I was surprised that there was such general agreement about who should be on it."

As for Sampson, Cotton says, "I've never dealt with a franchise player before, and I was fascinated to see how the city rallied around him. You just say 'Ralph' and everybody knows who you mean. He finds it tough to get his hands on a basketball because there are so many demands on his time. But he told me he'd had a lot of trouble making the transition from high school to Virginia. When he arrived at the university, the sports information office was a small, cramped room, and it suddenly turned into two whole offices just to accommodate the media. Maybe that's why this time he's managing it very well."

Cotton, now 26, is starting his fourth season of handling pro basketball assignments for SI. He served his apprenticeship as a youth by playing in pickup games around his home in Chicago and in intramural games while at Northwestern University. Thanks to Milwaukee Coach Don Nelson, whom Cotton interviewed in connection with the work-ethic article, he will be getting an even more intimate look at the pro game.

"It all started when we were talking about Nellie's notoriously complex coaching strategies," he says. "I finally talked him into letting me see his playbook." Cotton wondered aloud if he could successfully execute the plays, and "Nelson said why not come to his free-agent and rookie camp next September and find out.

"The deal is, I can't just turn up to scrimmage with the players," Cotton says. "I'm going to have to go through all the exercises and suicide drills." Cotton admits he's probably not going to make anyone's team next season, work like a beaver though he may. "I'd *love* to make a pro team," he says. "But I have to be realistic. I just won't embarrass myself . . . I hope."

Robert L. Miller

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NORTON

First Person

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

CAN A DEDICATED FISHERMAN BECOME A HAPPY RIVER RAFTER? WELL, MAYBE

For a long time I've considered myself a serious fisherman and a reasonably skillful one. Therefore, the enormous increase in the popularity of river rafting and kayaking that began a few years ago and continues unabated strikes me, as it must nearly all river anglers, as disastrous. When I go to a stream I love anticipating a quiet afternoon—and maybe even a few good fish—instead I find huge rafts filled with screaming beer drinkers or sometimes 15 to 20 fluorescent orange inflatable kayaks bouncing down the riffles. When that happens I feel much as a dedicated golfer might if he arrived at his favorite course only to find it converted into a circuit for trail bikes.



Four years ago the issue was complicated for me when Rob Carey, one of my best friends—best *fishing* friends, too—went into the river-running business himself. His outfit in Ashland, Ore. is called River Roam, and Rob, his partner and his guides take parties in inflatable kayaks, otherwise known as Tahiti boats, down sections of Oregon's Rogue and Northern California's Klamath rivers.

Rob and I remain friends, and we continue to fish together, but I've always stayed away from the subject of River Roam. Last year, though, Rob came out point-blank and invited me along on a River Roam expedition.

"We're thinking about scheduling some trips on the North Umpqua next year," he explained. "But first we'll have to spend a couple of days checking it out. You're welcome to come along if you'd like."

The invitation wasn't as simple as it sounds. For one thing, the North Umpqua, which is about 100 miles up from the California-Oregon border, is my favorite fishing stream of all. For another, even I knew it would be a difficult river to navigate in an inflatable kayak, with rapids rated up to Class IV (on a scale of I to VI), lots of rocks and year-round cold water. My experience running white water had been limited to a few short trips on easier streams, and Rob knew it.

"You want me to be your guinea pig," I said. "If you can get me downstream in one piece you can probably get your guests down, too. Is that it?"

He smiled. "Well, sort of," he said. "But I figured you know the river fairly well. You'll probably make it O.K."

"But the North Umpqua's a *fishing* river."

"We have it all worked out with the fishermen," he said. "We've had meetings up there about it. We'll stay off the water until 10 a.m. and finish by four in the afternoon. We won't even run through the prime spots, between Island Campground and Bogus Creek. There won't be any conflict."

"O.K.," I said, thinking I'd be able to prove to myself that river-running wasn't much fun. "I'll go. I'll try it."

Rob's Forest Service permit gave River Roam permission to run the upper reaches of the Umpqua on a Monday and Tuesday. I decided to drive up ahead of time, on Sunday afternoon, to fish that evening and early Monday morning, before we put in.

I hooked and landed two steelhead each time out. I also took a close look at the white water as I walked the trail between the slicks and pools, and was startled to realize that I'd never really seen the North Umpqua's rapids before. For 15 years I'd been carefully studying the river's fishable water but had simply dismissed as useless any stretches that were fast, white or shallow. When I began to imagine bouncing down those chutes, crashing through those waves, barreling by those immense boulders in a 11-foot inflatable boat, the river began to assume a new dimension for me. For the first time in my life, I was frightened by it.

When we started downstream from Boulder Flat Campground shortly after 10 o'clock on Monday morning, I kept my fear to myself. Partly this was the normal posturing of an American male, and partly—I like to think—it was consideration for my hosts. What good would it do to bother them with my misgivings?

There were six of us—Rob, his partner, Reider Peterson, Rob's son and daughter, David and Jennifer, both licensed guides, and a college boy named Chris Clark, also a River Roam guide. With stops to scout the most difficult rapids and a short break for lunch, it would take us about five hours to cover 15 miles of river.

Within five minutes I realized that this was going to be even more difficult than I'd imagined. Though I've always felt at home in the water—swimming in it, diving in it, wading in it—I didn't feel at home *on* the water, alone in a small boat with a light aluminum paddle in my hands. Even through the first few rapids, which probably rate a mere I on the river-running scale, I felt as helpless as a discarded wine-bottle cork.

By the time half an hour had passed, I'd survived several close calls. Halfway down one long, narrow, boulder-strewn channel I was spun around in midstream by something that Rob later explained was called a "reversal." I'm still not sure exactly what a reversal is, but suddenly I found myself facing upstream and traveling down, bouncing off rocks, waves nearly swamping the boat.

At the bottom, in an eddy, I emptied

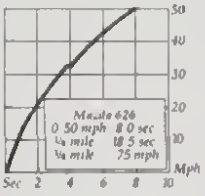
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the boat out. Rob, who was leading the way, had waited for me.

"You're doing fine," he said, smiling, apparently sincere.

Three or four more rapids, one of them the most difficult we had navigated yet, passed without mishap. I began to build a little confidence. As so often happens, the confidence was a prelude to disaster.

I was third in line as we started down a long chute with some large waves at the top end, a gray, house-sized boulder near the middle and a shallow stretch over gravel down below, which dropped into a deep, slow pool. Rob went first, David followed, and I was next, bouncing over the large waves, taking a gallon or two of icy water in my face from one of them, but watching Rob and David up ahead, trying to follow their exact route as best I could. Each of them approached the boulder head-on, and, to me, it appeared that the current carried them easily off to the left and around it.

As I shot over another wave and straight toward the flat wall of rock, I relaxed to let the current do the same for me. It didn't. The bow of the boat hit the rock squarely, then bounced off and spun to the left. I kept going straight and barely had time to use my paddle to brace against the boulder and push myself away from it. I was in the water then, sucked under it, tumbling along head over heels, absolutely powerless. I had the presence of mind not to fight it. There was a feeling of rushing speed, a roaring in my ears, and, even as it happened, I remembered what it had been like when I surfed in Hawaii as a boy and was wiped out by large waves. The river, though, seemed more powerful and relentless than those waves had ever been.

When it finally spit me out, David was there, and he hauled me into his boat. Downstream, Rob had grabbed my boat, and Reider had picked up my badly bent paddle.

Within a couple of minutes I was back in my own boat with a straightened paddle, and we were on our way again. And by then I was actually glad to have been tumbled about by the river. Nothing much worse was likely to happen to me, and I had come through it shaken and chilled, but perfectly healthy. Somehow, the end result of it all was that I felt neither fear of the river nor confidence in my abilities, but, instead, a calm respect for the river and satisfaction in the

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knowledge that, if necessary, my companions were capable of using their expertise to compensate for my lack of it.

The rest of the trip went very well. Pinball Canyon was the highlight of the first day—a long, narrow stretch where the powerful current zigs and zags among a series of large boulders. I felt like a spring-driven ball as I bounced my way through it, nothing but white water on all sides, the churning roar of the river in my ears. I have no idea how it happened, but I made it and felt good about the fact, as if I had accomplished something significant—something like reaching a mountain peak, or finishing a long run, but without the physical discomfort that inevitably goes with those endeavors.

On Tuesday the rapids were separated by longer stretches of calm water, but they were also somewhat more difficult. The major challenge we faced was called Double Drop, about halfway through the day. I survived it, too, but barely. Two-thirds of the way down I plowed into a barely submerged rock and shot off to the side at a dangerous angle, then hit a wave that half-filled the boat, but once through the wave the current straightened me out again and, low in the water and paddling hard, I slogged the rest of the way through. After that, the afternoon seemed easy.

Two days on the river gave me a new concept of the sport, and a tolerance for it, too. We had covered nearly 30 miles of river. Out there between 10 and four—certainly the most pleasant hours for river-running, usually the least productive for fishing—we had passed only two anglers, both late on the second day, and we hadn't interfered with either of them. Clearly, with some common sense and compromise the two sports can coexist.

The experience also taught me a lot about the North Umpqua. In fact, I think I learned as much about the river in two days in a kayak as I had through the previous 15 years of walking its banks, wading its shallows and casting into its riffles, slicks and pools. Now the river is whole for me, not just a disjointed series of spots where fish happen to hold, and I understand something about its unyielding power, which must be somewhere very near the heart of unspoiled nature.

The River Roam people have decided to restrict trips on the North Umpqua to those who have had previous white-water experience. I hope to go again, assuming they think I qualify. **END**


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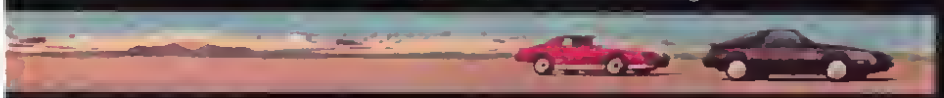
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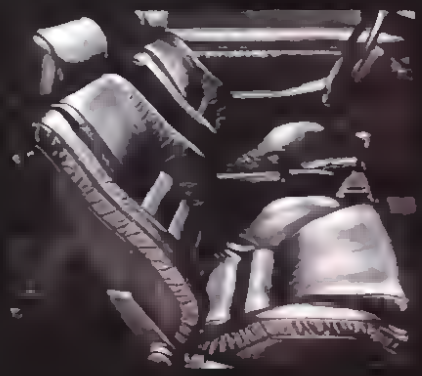
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EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

GOING WHOLE HOG

The NBA starts a new season this week in which the number of teams that qualify for the playoffs will be increased from 12 to 16. This means that the league's 23 teams will labor through an 82-game schedule whose sole purpose will be to eliminate just seven of them. In expanding its playoff format, the NBA is following the dubious lead of the NHL, which renders its regular season similarly meaningless by qualifying 16 teams for the playoffs. And the NHL, remember, has only 21 clubs to begin with. It plays an 80-game schedule to eliminate exactly *five* teams.

The reason the pro leagues are willing to turn their regular-season games into jokes by qualifying so many teams for the playoffs, of course, is that postseason games are more lucrative. Fine, but we wonder why the pros don't go whole hog, simply dispense with the regular season and launch immediately into playoffs, with *everybody* qualifying. The scheme we have in mind would go roughly like this: The playoffs would begin with best-of-15 series in the early rounds, then move on to a best-of-25 round and conclude, in the championship round, with a best-of-35-showdown. In the interest of generating the most revenue possible, teams that are eliminated would automatically go into consolation playoffs that would proceed along the same lines as the championship playoffs.

But wait, you haven't heard the best part. When their respective playoffs have finally run their course, the newly crowned NBA and NHL champs would meet in yet another playoff series. A best-of-11 deal for that one sounds just about right to us. Whether the two teams played hockey or basketball would depend on which sport made the most dough during its own playoffs. Who would want it any other way?

BLOCK THAT BLOCK

After his team's 22–19 loss in overtime to the Colts on Sept. 25, Chicago Bears Coach Mike Ditka punched a locker and broke his right hand. During a 23–14 loss to the Vikings on Oct. 9, Ditka berated officials and screamed at his players, some of whom complained publicly after

continued

"HE SHOWED EVERYONE WHO WAS BOSS"



The great racehorse Kelso (right) died last week at the age of 26 at Woodstock Farm near Chesapeake City, Md. Staff Writer Franz Lidz filed this appreciation.

Kelso passed his final days like an old pensioner hanging out with his pals in a park. He shared a pasture with three other thoroughbreds. He was buddies with another gelding, Sea Spirit, who won the New Jersey Futurity in 1961. They grazed in the paddock and ambled across the hillside, and for much of the year they stabled in the same barn. Kelly and Pete, the grooms called them.

Kelso was one of the finest athletes of the 1960s. The five-time Horse of the Year carried as much as 136 pounds yet ran farther and faster than any other thoroughbred of his generation. He ran everything from six furlongs to two miles and was never beaten at the latter distance, breaking the American two-mile record at age seven. He finished in the money 53 times in 63 races, and despite skipping the Triple Crown in 1960 because his trainer, Carl Hanford, decided to bring him along slowly, won $1,977,896. Only John Henry, Spectacular Bid, Trinycarol and Affirmed have won more.

In his heyday Kelso was the most pampered of equine creatures. He bedded down on soft sugarcane shavings. Allaire du Pont, his owner and breeder, had pure spring water flown in for him from Little Rock, Ark., and his admirers sent him personalized sugar cubes with his name on the wrapper. After his retirement busloads of fans used to come to the farm to see him. Five hundred letters a week were stuffed into his private mailbox. For a time he even inspired his own monthly newsletter.

In recent years Kelso would hang his head over the top rail of a fence at Woodstock and watch young horses run on the farm track. He still appeared fit enough to race, though like a boxer out of training, his weight had shifted mostly to his midriff. Actually, he looked a lot better than most retired boxers. His teeth were long, and his ribs and flanks were more dappled than the railbirds at Aqueduct or Belmont would have remembered, but his coat was still a rich dark bay, and his eyes were bright and alert.

Kelso's old companion, Charlie Potatoes, a lopsided stable dog, died a number of years ago. "Kelso was so fond of him," recalls du Pont. "He grieved for Charlie when he died. He sulked about and hung his head and wouldn't eat as heartily."

One of Kelso's favorite grooms was Debby Ferguson, a slim, blonde woman two years younger than he. Kelso, she says, was "partial to girls." Ferguson fed Kelso crimped oats in a big yellow bucket tied to the fence. Kelso was particular about what he ate. He'd only eat apples as an hors d'oeuvre, not as a dessert. A blacksmith came every month to trim his hooves, but Kelso would really only get ornery when the veterinarian came to give him his annual worming. "Kelso had to show everyone who was boss," says Gene Moore, his longtime caretaker.

The mailbox bearing Kelso's name was still there when he died, but the paint was peeling. In his old age, Kelso wasn't forgotten, but his correspondence had dwindled, and his newsletter had been discontinued. "I think Kelso's fans just grew up and had their own things to do," says du Pont. "He'd get a few cards for Christmas and Easter, but nothing like there used to be." But that was O.K., because Kelso never read them anyway.

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the game about his outbursts. Ditka later promised to be cooler under fire, but that proved easier said than done. His latest excess occurred during a 31–17 loss to Detroit on Oct. 16, when, before a Lions kickoff late in the game, Ditka instructed rookie Safety Dave Duerson to "get" Detroit Kicker Eddie Murray.

The incident happened after the Lions' Eric Hipple scored the game's final touchdown with an eight-yard run on a fake field-goal attempt. Murray was the kicker and Hipple the holder, and they chortled on the field about Hipple's touchdown because, as it turned out, the fake was a mistake; Murray had thought he heard an audible to fake the kick. On Murray's subsequent kickoff, while the other Bears formed a blocking wedge, Duerson shot upfield straight at Murray. The Lion kicker saw Duerson coming and hit the ground, but Duerson drove into him. Murray writhed in pain; he said he suffered a dislocated shoulder that popped back into place.

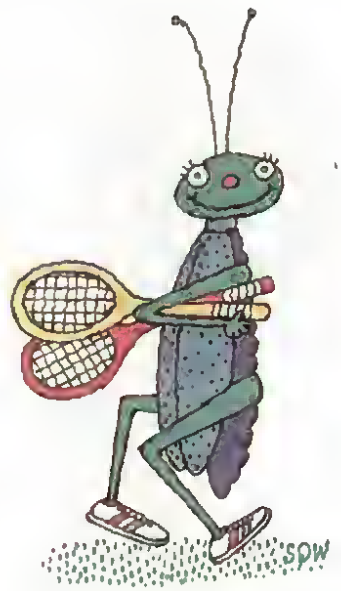
No penalty was called on the play, and even Lions Coach Monte Clark conceded that the hit by Duerson had been legal. For his part, Ditka said that Duerson's action was "part of football." Ditka also insisted that Duerson had barely hit Murray and that the Lion kicker really wasn't hurt.

But Ditka's attempts to justify his actions weren't persuasive. The hit on Murray may have been "legal," but only because the NFL has no specific rule against deliberate attempts to inflict injury. After the game Ditka was quoted as saying that he'd told Duerson to "block Murray," as one account had it, or to "go out there and take out the kicker," according to another. Duerson said the coach's words were, "Go get him." Although those instructions might ordinarily be interpreted as referring to a blocking assignment, the circumstances of the game suggested otherwise; a 170-pound placekicker is hardly the likeliest man to be singled out for special blocking attention. Ditka seemed to be about the only one who thought the hit was "part of football." Duerson was visibly startled by Ditka's order and said that when the coach told him to get Murray, "I was baffled, but I didn't argue. I'm just a rookie." Two other Bears, Kicker Bob Thomas and Safety Gary Fencik, apologized to Murray for their coach's actions.

An NFL spokesman said that Commissioner Pete Rozelle was reviewing a tape of the play. Under his broad powers to impose discipline for actions detrimental to the game, Rozelle could "block" the Bears' volatile coach with a fine. Better yet, he ought to "take him out" with a suspension.

CRICKET, ANYONE?

After a sweltering 100° day topped off by a late-afternoon cloudburst, thousands of crickets swarmed across center court at the Sul Ross Tennis Center in Waco, Texas during the first set of a match on the USTA men's satellite circuit between Robert Trogolo and Rolando Vazquez. As squashed crickets piled up on the



court, the footing became so hazardous that the match had to be postponed until the next morning, when Trogolo completed a 6–3, 7–6 victory. Proving himself admirably resourceful at his craft, Art Newcomb, a public relations man for the sponsoring United States Tennis Association, came up with a way for operators of the host club to capitalize on the otherwise embarrassing occurrence. He suggested that they rename their facility the Sul Ross Tennis Center and Cricket Club.

ACID IRONY

An eagerly awaited plan by Environmental Protection Agency Administrator William D. Ruckelshaus to combat acid rain has reportedly been put off indefinitely because of opposition from other influential members of the Reagan Administration. *The New York Times* quoted unnamed EPA officials as saying that they expected some sort of action to be taken eventually, and one of them insisted, "We are not dead in the water." Considering the damage that acid rain is known to be doing to aquatic life in lakes in the Northeastern U.S. and Eastern Canada, that unintentionally ironic comment could, if Washington's foot-dragging continues, turn out to be a case of wishful thinking.

MULL IT OVER AND ANSWER SLOWLY

The Dumbest Question of the Week Award goes to the fellow on the public address system at Latonia Race Course in Florence, Ky., who, according to *Variety*, was interviewing a horseplayer who'd just won $10,000 in cash and a lifetime pass to the track in a drawing. The P.A. man actually asked him, "What do you intend to do with the money?"

HIGHWAY ANNOUNCEMENT

It happened on the Orioles' bus ride back to Baltimore after the fifth and final game of their World Series triumph over the Phillies, and it drew a big laugh from members of baseball's championship team. As the bus reached the Delaware line on Interstate 95, the driver announced on the intercom: "We have just left Pennsylvania, home of the world-champion Philadelphia . . ." There was a long pause before the driver finished the sentence: ". . . 76ers."

THEY SAID IT

- Joe Salem, Minnesota football coach, before the 1–6 Gophers lost by a score of 19–8 Saturday to 1–6 Northwestern: "This is the battle of the movable defense versus the stoppable force."
- Robert Finch, California's former lieutenant governor, urging residents of that state to offer housing to visiting midshipmen and cadets when the Army-Navy game is played in Pasadena next month: "These fine young men and women are the best kind of guests. They're experts at making their own beds."
- Jacob Green, Seattle Seahawk defensive end, objecting to the statistical designation of "half-sacks": "What's that—a Baggie?"

END



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Tempo's interior is a computer-refined compartment for five. Computer-designed placement of seats, door, roof and window areas afford maximum space efficiency.

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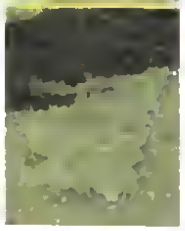
Dennard appeared to have a sure first-quarter score until he got a case of the bobbles and bounced the ball back to a waiting Wright.



The Big Heist On The Coast



The 49ers kept taking the ball away from the Rams in the end zone, and thereby took over the top spot in the NFC West **by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**



Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 31, 1983



CONTINUED





Board poured in from the right, grabbing the ball out of Ferragamo's grasp for the game-winning touchdown with 6:40 left to play.

This is pro football of the '80s: lots of scoring, lots of passing, a major problem with contracts. It's wild and unpredictable, it follows no script and on Sunday in Anaheim the San Francisco 49ers learned all about it.

Three days before, San Francisco and the Los Angeles Rams, both 5–2, were to play for first place in the NFC West, the 49ers had a free safety named Dwight Hicks. His résumé read two straight Pro Bowl years, four seasons of leading the team in interceptions, 55 consecutive starts. Two days before the game, they had no free safety. Hicks had walked off the team, claiming a contract problem. In this era of big money and the USFL, it seems as if every club has one of those. In Hicks's wake came turmoil.

Ronnie Lott, the Niners' All-Pro cornerback, was chosen to take Hicks's place. He had a Friday and a Saturday practice to learn a brand-new position. Be great, kid. Learn quickly.

It would be nice to report that Lott went out and performed brilliantly against the Rams, turning the game around, but unfortunately the NFL scripts are not written by the Brothers Grimm, and Ram Quarterback Vince Ferragamo, noting the unsettled nature of the 49er secondary, calmly threw for five touchdowns. Eric Dickerson caught two of those TD passes, racing through a forest of blown coverages and missed tackles, and added 144 yards on the ground. L.A. scored 35 points and collected 441 yards, both high-water marks under new Coach John Robinson.

And did they win the game? Well, no. This is football of the '80s, remember? Shoot-out football. The 49ers outscored the Rams 45–35, and actually won the game on a sack—that rarest of all sacks, the touchdown sack. The sacker was Defensive End Dwaine Board. The sackee was Ferragamo, who had the ball torn out of his hands in the end zone. The play came with 6:40 left in the game, with the Rams sitting on a 35–31 lead and facing a third-and-eight from their own 10-yard line. What was Ferragamo doing throwing from so deep in his own territory with a four-point lead? Hey, get with it. This is the modern era. You throw from anywhere, anytime. You don't give up the ball, especially to a quarterback like San Francisco's Joe Montana, who had gotten the Niners on the board in five of their last six possessions (not counting a one-play clock-killer at the end of the first half).

The touchdown sack happened so quickly that few people really understood what had taken place. Board came in from the right side. Jeff Stover, a defensive tackle, flushed Ferragamo to his left, into Board's path. Board didn't go for the sack, he went for the ball. "All I saw were blue jerseys," he said. "Actually, a sack is a subconscious type of thing; you attack the quarterback, and the next thing you do is go for the ball. I got a good grip on it and it came out."

Referee Red Cashion hesitated before making a call. Was Ferragamo in the tackler's grasp, was his progress halted before the ball was stripped? "I saw the ref looking around," Robinson said. "I don't think anybody saw what happened. Then the ref must have looked at Board



Nehemiah snagged five passes for 65 yards, including this 11-yarder for a fourth-quarter TD.

and figured, 'Oh, you're a 49er and you've got the ball in the end zone, so it must be a touchdown.' Which it probably was."

"Even I was waiting for the ref," Board said. "Then I saw him put his hands up and I said, 'Oh, touchdown.' " For Board, it was the first touchdown in his five NFL seasons.

Then an old-time 49er was heard from: 33-year-old Linebacker Willie Harper. The teams had traded punts after the Board play, and the Rams, trailing 38–35 with two minutes left, had a first down on their own 30. Harper found himself racing down the field with Wide Receiver Gordon Jones. "Tim Collier [Lott's replacement at left cornerback] had the deep coverage," Harper said. "I was underneath. I think Ferragamo felt he could get the ball over my head. He almost did."

Harper picked off the pass on the Ram 44 and returned it to the seven. Three plays later Bill Ring ran four yards for a San Francisco TD, and it was over.

In the locker room, Lott slowly peeled off his uniform and breathed a huge sigh of relief. "It's been a rough weekend," he said. "Plus a rough afternoon." He had blown a coverage and given James McDonald, a third tight end, in as a designated blocker, a one-yard TD catch in the second quarter. "A mishap," Lott said. He was one of the four 49ers who grabbed air when Dickerson caught a little slip pass over the middle late in the same period and turned it into a 37-yard touchdown. In the third quarter the Rams moved to a 28–17 lead when Lott safety blitzed, and Ferragamo dumped the ball off to Dickerson on the left side, leaving Defensive End Fred Dean to chase him 10 yards, into the end zone.

"Yeah, that was my coverage, too," Lott said. 'He was supposed to be my man. I've got a long way to go at that position. It was like my first NFL game at cornerback. At the beginning I was tripping and falling and getting run over. I wasn't used to seeing

continued



Harper returned this interception 37 yards to the Rams' seven-yard line, setting up the touchdown that sealed the 49ers' victory.

guys coming at me from all different directions. In the fourth quarter I started seeing things better."

Of Hicks's sudden walkout, Coach Bill Walsh said, "It caught us completely by surprise. I just feel terrible for him, for his judgment in this thing. He's a nice kid, everybody likes him. He was having a great year. Our defensive backfield coach, Ray Rhodes, went to see him. He got me on the phone with Dwight. I said, 'Hello, hello.' Then Dwight hung up. He told Ray, 'I'm doing what I've got to do.' And that was it. The difference in money amounts to about $40,000, and you have to figure the government gets almost half of that."

Hicks's contract runs through 1984. It was upgraded from $70,000 to $100,000 in 1982. His base pay this year is $125,000, with incentives 49er General Manager John McVay says are "easily obtainable." They would boost Hicks to the $140,000 range. The club also gave him $1,000 a month in the off-season to come in and grade films for a couple of hours a day.

Hick's lawyer, David Perrine of San



Bobbing and weaving, Dickerson ran for 144 yards and also made two TD catches.



Diego, says, "His performance is in the 90th percentile of the top 40 safeties in the NFL; his pay is in the 27th percentile. I know no one's going to believe this, but the fact that the Rams game was coming up was not a factor in his decision to leave the team Friday."

The 49ers kept the news quiet until Saturday evening, until after the Rams had held their final practice. "I think if I knew a team would have a free safetyman who'd never played the position," Walsh said, "I'd put something into my Saturday practice to take advantage of that."

Robinson, who found out about Hicks's defection late Saturday night, said it wouldn't have affected his preparation, although he admitted that he started the game throwing the ball instead of pounding away with Dickerson. "I coached Lott at USC," he said. "To me he's the best run defender of any defensive back in the league. We threw early to keep him from attacking our running game from the weak side."

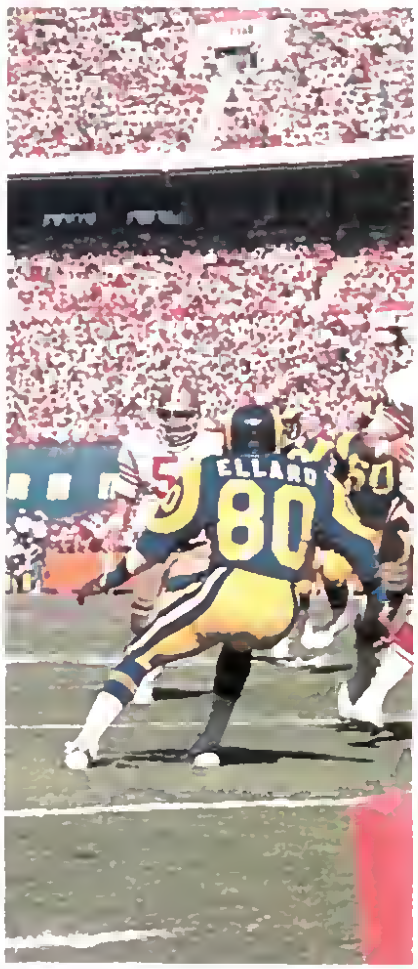
"I've got to be ready for anything," Lott had said before the game. "He'll probably figure I'll be overly aggressive, and he'll run some play action at me and throw deep over the middle. What really scares me, though, is that at free safety I've got to make the calls for the secondary. At cornerback I was just listening."

Miscues held the score to 0–0 in the first quarter. An interception in the end zone by 49er Cornerback Eric Wright off a pass bobbled by Preston Dennard and a high snap on a field-goal try nullified the Ram threats. The 49ers countered with a Wendell Tyler fumble, his first of two. Even Gordon Jones, a Tampa Bay castoff, drew gasps as he put together three spin moves on a 24-yard reception that set up touchdown No. 2.

But the 49ers, fighting back from an 11-point deficit in the third quarter and another 11-point deficit in the fourth, are a proud team this year, and they had guns of their own. In the third quarter Freddie Solomon made the catch of the day, a diving one-hander, good for 43 yards. "I pulled a muscle running under the pass,"



Henry Ellard should have stuck to catching passes; on this reverse he lost 12 yards.



Barber caught eight passes and set up the Rams' second score with this nine-yarder.

For a while the game looked like a repeat of the 10–7 Ram win in San Francisco three weeks ago.

In the second period, though, the Rams scored TDs on three straight possessions, revealing an offense Walsh called "brilliantly conceived and executed." Under Robinson, the Rams truly seem to be operating on a different plane, and it was never more evident than in that second quarter. Tight End Mike Barber, a Houston tradee, was running over people, on his way to an eight-catch afternoon. Dickerson was dazzling as he headed for his fourth 100-yard-plus day.

he said. "It was like electricity running through my leg. It hit, and then it hit again." In for Solomon came Renaldo Nehemiah, whose two-year career has been long on promise, short on fulfillment. He turned in some very professional-looking catches, and his output for the day was five receptions, 65 yards and one TD. "I had something to prove," he said. "I hope this is the beginning of a long career for me."

Montana, who started slowly, put together one of his All-Pro afternoons—25 for 39 for 358 yards, with no interceptions and no sacks—and when it was over the 49ers had a win that, Walsh said, "leaves me speechless. I'm in awe of the way this team fought back against a lot of misfortune." **END**

No Keeping Him From His Goal



Four months out of a Massachusetts high school, Tom Barrasso is what he always dreamed about being: an NHL goaltender **by JACK FALLA**

Last fall, when his fellow seniors at Massachusetts' Acton-Boxboro High School were ordering class rings, Tom Barrasso took a pass. "Why aren't you going to order a ring?" Barrasso's father, Thomas F., asked him.

"Dad," he replied, "the only ring I want to wear has the Stanley Cup on it."

Young Barrasso has come to be known for such statements, which stamp him as either astonishingly confident or outrageously conceited. Whichever way you take him, consider that four months after his graduation Barrasso was the starting, and winning, goaltender in the Buffalo Sabres' opening game of the NHL season. That's like a pimpled schoolboy stepping into the starting rotation of the Yankees, or a cocky teen-ager bringing up the ball for the Celtics.

In that Buffalo opener on Oct. 5, the 18-year-old, 6′ 3″, 195-pound Barrasso had a 21-save, 5–2 win over Hartford, thereby becoming the youngest goalie to win in the NHL since 17-year-old Harry Lumley won a game for Detroit in 1944. "We knew he was good, but he's maybe even a little bit better than we expected," says Sabres General Manager and Coach Scotty Bowman. Barrasso's 5–2 win over Winnipeg at Buffalo Sunday night brought his record to 4–1 with a 2.6-goals-per-game average.

The idea of an 18-year-old starting



NHL goalie may be shocking to most hockey fans, but not to Barrasso. "It's not that big a transition if you're ready, and I think I'm ready," he says. "There was pressure in starting, but there would have been more pressure in waiting and having people wondering, 'Hey, when is the kid going to play?' Better to get in there early."

Barrasso has always followed that philosophy. When he was five, the bigger kids playing street hockey would put him in goal with just a glove and a stick. "He'd come home all black and blue from getting hit with sticks and frozen tennis balls," says his father. Once when Barrasso's mother, Lucy, took Tommy for a routine checkup, the doctor, out of the mother's earshot, asked the boy, "How often do your parents beat you?"

When Barrasso reached the mite division (7- and 8-year-olds), he got his hands on a copy of former Montreal Goaltender Jacques Plante's book *Goaltending*, a volume, now tattered and dog-eared, that he consults to this day, "just to keep drilling the basics into my mind." By the time he reached high school, Barrasso had finished his fantasizing and started to think seriously about the NHL. "I wasn't a real popular guy at my school," he says. "Some teachers couldn't understand how I could write off schoolwork on game days. I did it because hockey was going to be my career. And like a lot of Boston kids I fantasized about playing for the Bruins."

Though Barrasso was beaten on this Boston shot, his record stands at a stellar 4–1.



"Tom was very confident of his ability," says his former high school coach, Tom Fleming, now athletic director at Lake Placid's Northwood School. "But let's face it, he wasn't proved wrong very often. We went 80–4–1 over the four years Tom played goal."

The only achievement that eluded Barrasso's high school teams was the Eastern Massachusetts championship; Acton-Boxboro lost in the finals for four consecutive years to a Catholic powerhouse, Matignon High of Cambridge. Yet when Matignon Coach Marty Pierce led a team of Massachusetts high school all-stars against the Minnesota all-stars last April, he picked Barrasso as his netminder, and Barrasso allowed only four goals in a three-game Massachusetts sweep.

It was Barrasso's puck-handling ability, stand-up style and his size that dazzled Bowman—and convinced him that he should make Barrasso the fifth pick overall in the June draft. In NHL history, no goalie has ever been picked higher than No. 5. Bowman had had pleasant results with a big goalie. It was 6′ 4″ Ken Dryden who backstopped the Bowman-coached Montreal Canadiens to five Stanley Cups in the '70s. And while the lefthanded Barrasso plays more in the style of Tony Esposito, with his glove held low and his pads fanned out like an upside-down Y, his huge frame fills the mouth of the net the way Dryden's did.

Before signing with the Sabres in September, Barrasso joined, then quit, the U.S. Olympic team. "I came to realize I didn't fit the Olympic mold," he says. "For me, the NHL was my primary goal."

He signed a five-year contract with the Sabres worth more than $700,000, and also received a signing bonus of more than $100,000. Only a 5–3 loss to the Bruins in Barrasso's Oct. 15 homecoming at Boston Garden has marred his otherwise impeccable first month. Two goals against him were screened, but Barrasso did let in three of the first six shots fired at him, one of which—Mike O'Connell's 25-foot unscreened blast from the left face-off circle—was a clear case of the kid whiffing on a major league fastball.

Barrasso left the Garden that night without speaking to the local media, but the next day at practice in Buffalo he seemed unperturbed by the loss. "He's as cocky as Fonzie," says teammate Mike Foligno, "but that's good in a goalie."

For his part, Barrasso only repeats what he told his father the day he learned he had made the Sabres: "All I have to do now is just keep playing well."

Take the tone of that statement as cocky. Take the message as truth. END

Oh, For Those Glory Days Of Yesteryear

Notre Dame beat USC for a change, which proved only that the Trojans have farther to go than the Irish

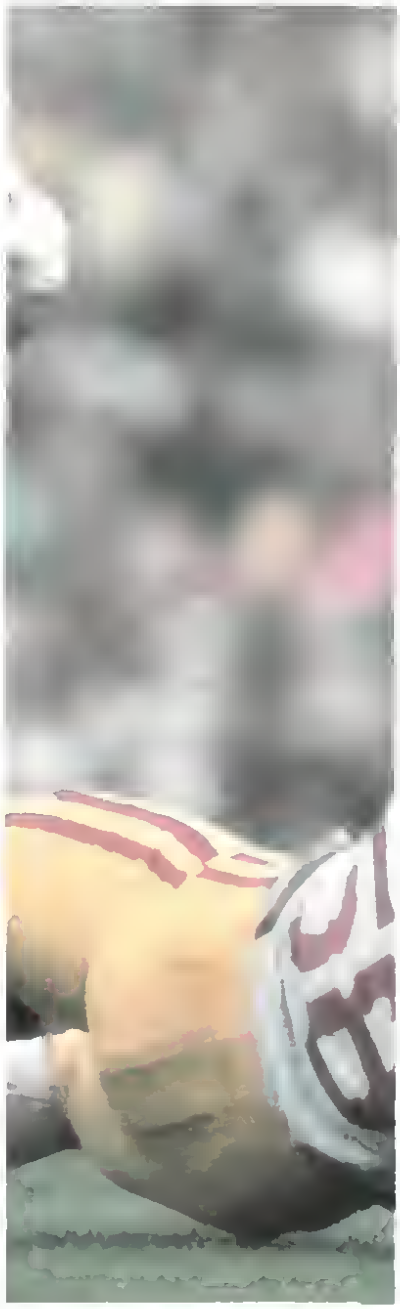
by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

Last Saturday in South Bend dawned gray and dank. Then the fog settled in, and that was followed by drizzle—all of which created, as it turned out, a perfect atmosphere for the 1983 renewal of the rivalry between legendary Notre Dame (17 national championships, six Heisman winners, the Golden Dome, Rockne) and storied Southern California (eight national titles, four Heismans, Tommy Trojan, O.J.). In a game that matched the weather, the Irish won 27–6 as USC went out without a whimper.

The victory was Notre Dame's first over USC since 1977, when Coach Dan Devine surprised everyone by putting his team in Fighting Irish green jerseys for motivation. Last week, for the first time in his 2½-year tenure at Notre Dame, Coach Gerry Faust tried the green-jersey trick. Although it worked again, the sad truth is that both of these tradition-rich teams, each matching the other in the arrogance that comes with a great deal of winning and each coping with fans who are awful at accepting defeat, have been less than magnificent this fall. Indeed, their combined record going into Saturday's game was 6–5–1, the poorest since the two met in 1963 with a combined mark of 2–3.

Still, a win, as they say, is a win, and





Linebacker Rick Naylor (37) picked off two USC passes as Notre Dame played tough D.



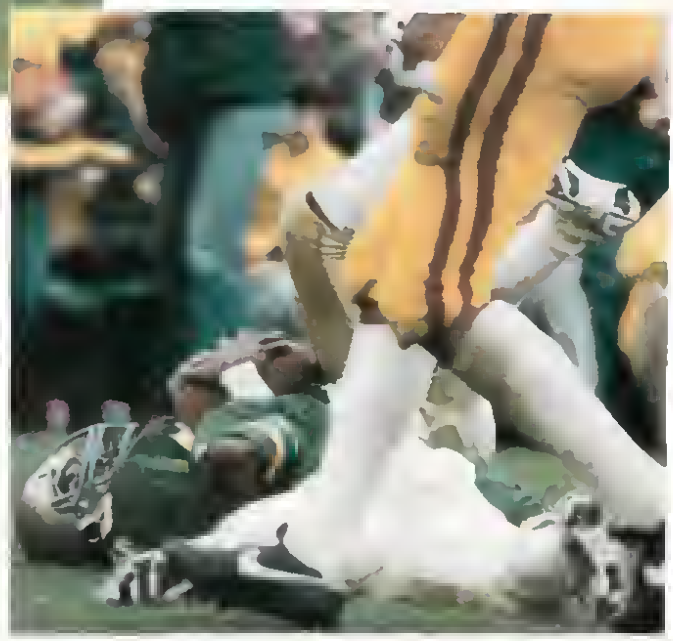
Faust, who if handed a bushel of thorns would start looking for the roses, walked away from Notre Dame Stadium in the increasing gloom of the night with sunshine in his heart. "Yes, sir, I think we're over the hump," he said. "I really think we are." Well, maybe.

If true, it's not a moment too soon, for Faust failed to amuse the Irish faithful by guiding the team to a 5–6 record in his rookie season of 1981. That was Notre Dame's worst finish since '63, when it was 2–7. Going 6–4–1 last year didn't cheer up anybody significantly. This season, when the Irish were 1–2, having lost 28–23 to Michigan State and 20–zip to Miami on prime-time national TV, panic was setting in. Even Faust conceded on the eve of the USC game, "Sometimes I question why God brought me here." But now Notre Dame has won four straight to improve its record to 5–2. Cotton Bowl officials are even drooling at the prospect of a Texas–Notre Dame matchup. Not so fast. The Irish have yet to defeat a team with a winning record, and they still must play Pitt and rapidly improving Penn State. Moreover, whatever Faust may be doing better these days—"I think I've improved," he says—he's the same coach who was at the controls last year in losses to then lowly Arizona and so-so Air Force, and in a tie with Oregon, which ended up 2–8–1. A 7–4 season seems about right this time around at a school where at least 9–2 is expected. Says Athletic Director Gene Corrigan, "The problem here is there are so many ghosts, so many shadows."

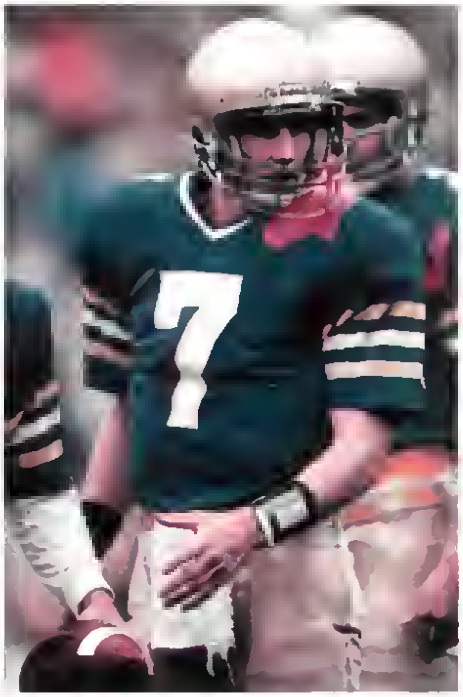
Indeed, seldom has a game between two teams with uninspired records—the Trojans are now 2–4–1—been so important to each school. Notre Dame Running Back Allen Pinkett, who ran for all three Irish touchdowns en route to a 122-yard rushing afternoon, pondered the squad's plight. "This game will make us or break us," he said.

Now, at least, the Irish have a chance to get back from the dark side of the moon. The poor Trojans are in the pits and sinking, and when they call for a lifeline, their fans plead deafness. Instead,

continued



Pinkett ran for 122 yards against Southern California's slow and lethargic defense and ended up in the end zone three times.



Before the game Beuerlein was in blue . . .



. . . but he and his teammates played in green.

they send letters to newspapers. Wrote one, "The Kansas-USC game [which USC lost 26–20] demonstrated that the Trojans have no offense, no defense, no quarterback, no desire to compete and no acceptable excuses." Another: "When did USC deemphasize football? I didn't read about it in the paper, but I was on vacation a couple of weeks last May." A headline on an article in the *Los Angeles Times* read: USC DEVELOPS BALANCED ATTACK: NO RUN, NO PASS.

With the Trojans down 27–0 at halftime a fortnight ago to Arizona State, their fans booed the team off the L.A. Coliseum field. "That hurt our players' feelings," says Ted Tollner, USC's first-year coach. Perhaps. But if ever a team's feelings deserved to be hurt, it's the 1983 Trojans'. Inexplicably, they play as if they regret the bother, they regularly blow assignments, and sleepwalking is their forte. In sum, they look as if they'd rather be on Malibu beach. "You sort of feel something is missing," says Linebacker Jack Del Rio, "but I don't know what it is."

Whatever it is, it's stunning. Last year the Trojans were 8–3 and only inches from 10–1. Their last truly poor season was 1961, when they ended up 4–5–1. To be sure, recent football-related scandals have hurt the Trojans. At present the school is serving a three-year probation—no TV or bowl appearances—because of an elaborate ticket-scalping scheme involving the players' complimentary game tickets. In 1980 came the disclosure that players were getting credit for classes they didn't attend. Hence, a sign at the Notre Dame pep rally on Friday night had a picture of a football autographed thusly by a Southern Cal player: XXXX.

Irish Offensive Tackle Larry Williams was looking at USC films and shaking his head. "They have great personnel, but they're playing horrible as a team," he said. That was obvious on Saturday when the Trojan defense looked slow and lethargic, and the offense did little but sputter and stall. USC converted only five of 14 third-down plays. "It's been humbling, disappointing and frustrating," said Tollner. "But if you don't win, the next most important thing is that you don't disintegrate." Disintegration, however, seems to have set in, and with Cal, Stanford, Washington and UCLA to come, the Trojans may not reach .500.

Inexperience and injuries have hurt USC—as they do all teams—but Tollner, to his credit, won't use either as an excuse. In fact, nine of 11 defensive starters have missed most or all of at least one game. That explains why Tollner says of his secondary, "Our coverage is horrible. It's embarrassing to us because we have to look at it as a failure of our coaching."

Offensively, Quarterback Sean Salisbury, who lacks mobility and repeatedly doesn't get his feet set for passing, is reeling "I'm a very average quarterback right now," he says. "I'd rate myself a C minus." After a struggling first half against Notre Dame, in which he completed five of 10 passes for only 34 yards and threw one interception, Salisbury was benched. His replacement, lefthander Tim Green, a whiz-bang J.C. transfer from El Camino College, looked no better. Green read blitzes

continued



Faust benched Kiel following the Irish loss to Miami.

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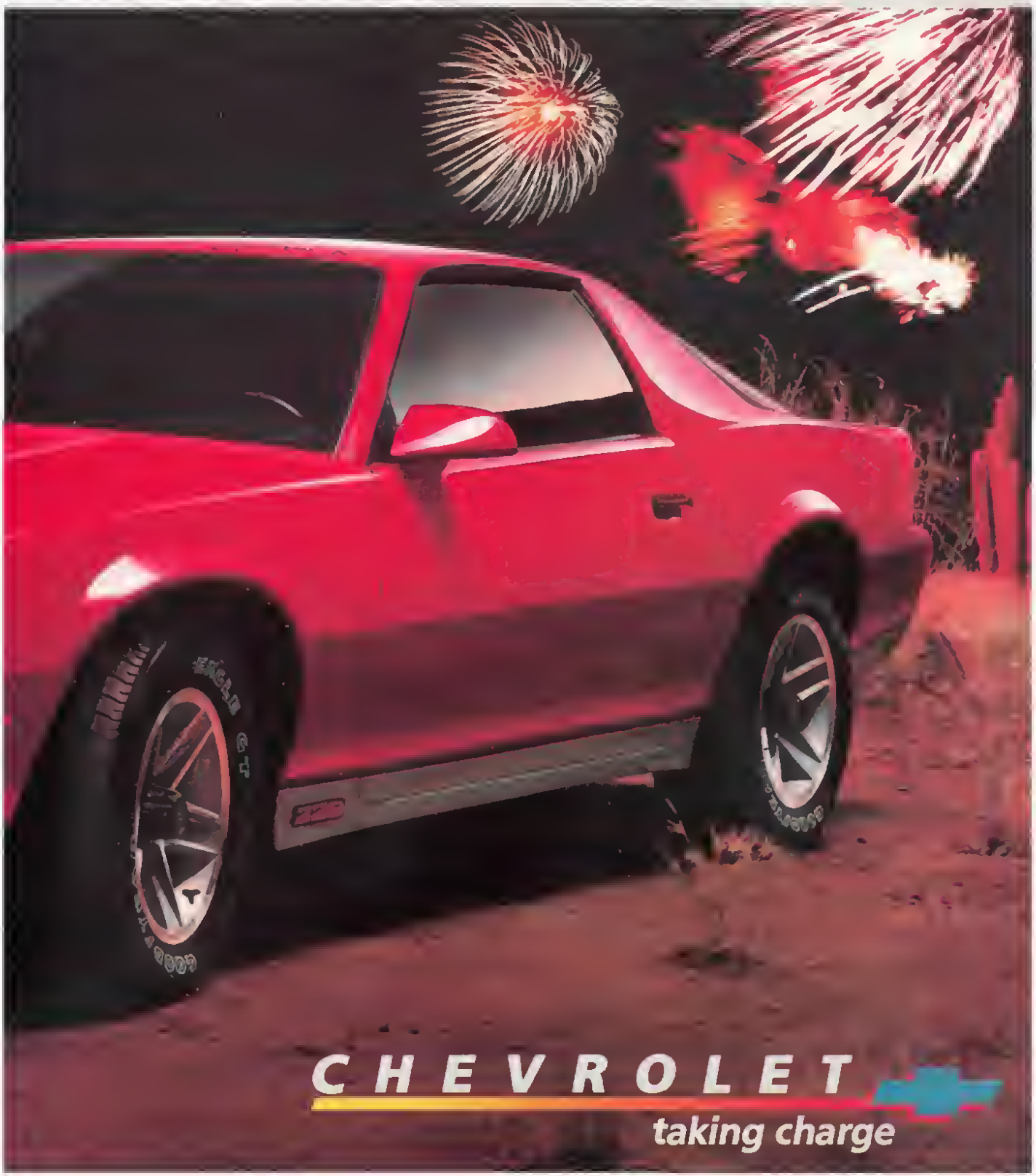
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poorly or not at all, which caused him to throw two interceptions. Tollner, however, hinted that Green might be his quarterback of the future.

Faust understands Tollner's quarterback dilemma. Following the Miami loss, he replaced the veteran but uptight Blair Kiel with freshman Steve Beuerlein, and Beuerlein has completed 43 of 79 passes for 590 yards and three TDs, with only one interception. He also has a 4–0 record. "Ted's going through the same thing I went through," says Faust.

Tollner, who established himself as an offensive genius while an assistant at San Diego State and BYU, clearly has the credentials to be a winner at a school with a big-time program like USC's. One of his central problems is his staff. Or, more precisely, who isn't on it—notably Defensive Line Coach Marv Goux and Offensive Line Coach Hudson Houck. Former Coach John Robinson took both of them with him when he went to the L.A. Rams in February. Both Houck and Goux would make anybody's Hall of Fame for assistants. Houck talked the language of the big guys, got down in the dirt with them and was a key reason that the Trojans produced 19 All-America offensive linemen in 19 years. Goux, a notable teacher himself, was in charge of intensity, emotion and discipline. Says Tight End Fred Cornwell, "Coach Goux was the man. No one ever questioned him, ever." Adds Guard Mike Lamb, "He made Patton look like a piker. He's the kind of guy who would dive on a hand grenade."

Says Tollner of Goux, "When you start looking for excuses as to why you can't play hard, you're in trouble. But he was a legend. By the other token, he's not here anymore. The world goes on."

Another problem: Robinson didn't leave any Charles Whites or Marcus Allens for Tollner to build an offense around at old Tailback U. Last season, Southern Cal didn't have a 1,000-yard runner for the first time since 1971. This year, three players—Fred Crutcher, Michael Harper and Todd Spencer—are sharing the position. Crutcher leads USC with 482 yards rushing.

As for the Irish, they should refrain from any temptation to indulge in smugness. Although the Notre Dame defense played well against USC, especially Safety Joe Johnson, who had an interception and was ornery beyond the call, the defense lacks speed. Also, as Miami proved, it's vulnerable to a sharp passing attack. The offense is rudimentary, and if Pinkett is stopped, Irish eyes won't be smiling, because Beuerlein isn't ready to handle complex reads and throwing patterns.

At least one Notre Dame man, sobered by those early-season reversals, has kept these Irish in perfect perspective. "All we want to have," says John Heisler, the school's associate sports information director, "is a team that our press guide can be proud of."

At USC, the goal is not quite that lofty. Not for now, anyway. Says Tollner, "We need to restore our dignity." **END**

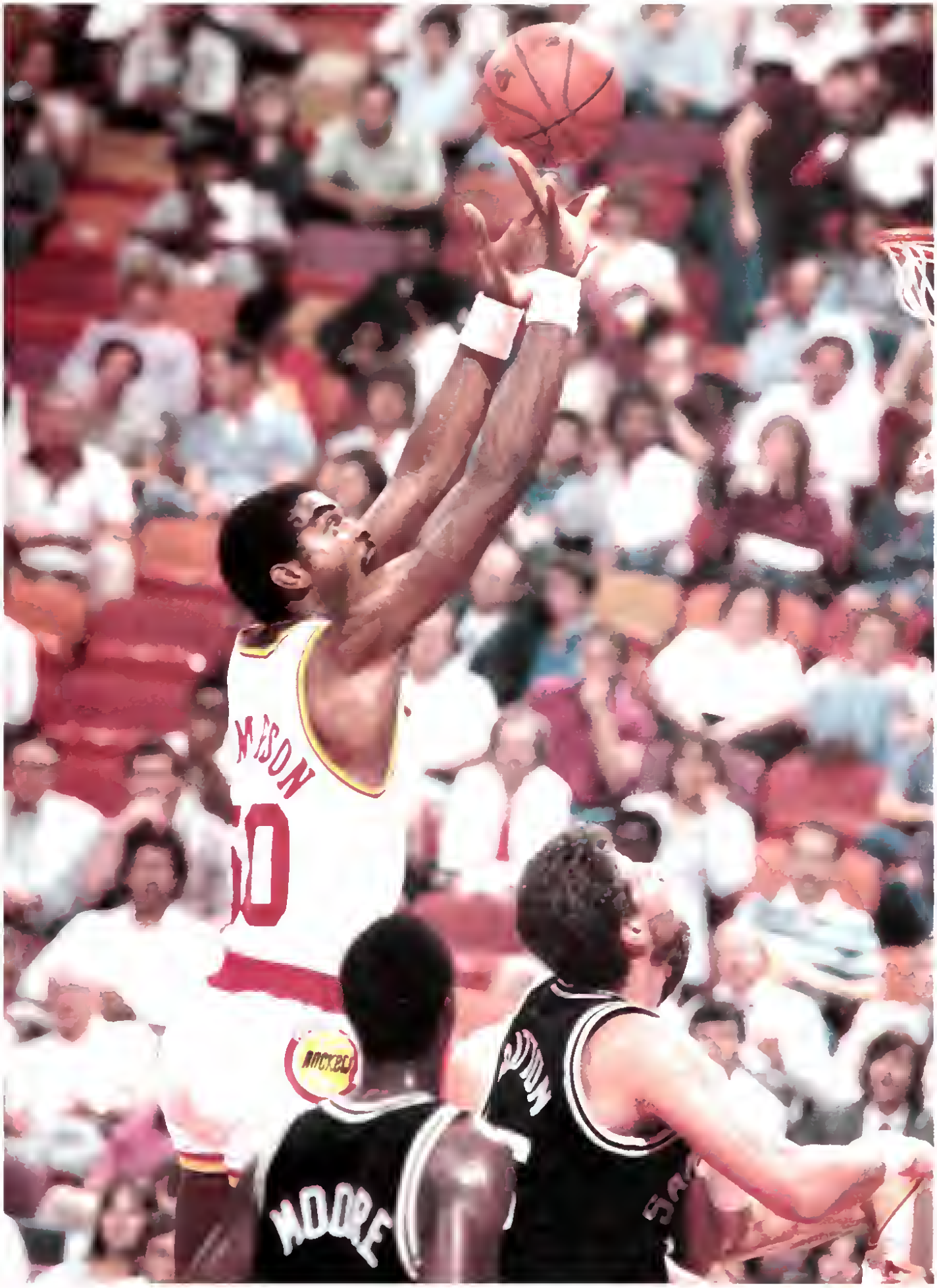


Tollner says USC must not disintegrate.



After Salisbury (7) got just 34 yards passing in one half, USC tried Green, who was no better.




MOORE

It's Just A Matter Of Time

As the preseason proved, Ralph Sampson won't be a dominating center overnight, but will he be one eventually? You bet he will

by Anthony Cotton

Sometime near the end of this century, when his proper place in the history of the National Basketball Association has been secured, Ralph Sampson will sit back and laugh a little bit about his first few weeks as a pro. Exhibition season, indeed. Sampson, the Houston Rockets' prize center, was Exhibit A. Eight games, seven losses. Ralph will chuckle at his anemic .404 field-goal percentage, based on nights like four of 16 against the Trail Blazers in Portland. He'll smile at the memory of his gala homecoming at the University of Virginia's University Hall being ruined by four fouls in nine minutes, all picked up while fending off the hands—and elbows and backsides—of the Washington Bullets' Beef Brothers, McFilthy and McNasty themselves: Jeff Ruland and Rick Mahorn. He'll tell his kids about the time he threw an in-bounds pass against Milwaukee that struck a guy wire holding the scoreboard in place.

Time to develop is not readily conceded when you're 7′ 4″ tall and a three-time NCAA Player of the Year. Especially when you're joining a team that won—no, weathered—only 14 games a season ago. Under those circumstances you're not just a tall and talented player. You become, as Sampson has discovered, "people's expectation of God Almighty."

It seems that some big man arrives almost every year in the NBA to expectations cut several sizes too large for him. About once a decade comes a true giant who can measure up to or even exceed them. Russell in '56; Alcindor/Abdul-Jabbar in '69; Walton in '74.

Will Sampson be the big man for the '80s? Or will he be another Chamberlain, with gaudy numbers but little to show for them? This could be a good time to place your bets, because, as Denver Nuggets Coach Doug Moe, who's won a few bucks at the gin rummy table, says of Sampson, "He's struggling a bit now, so we should all enjoy it while we can. But in a little while that guy's gonna be an absolute bitch to play against."

"He's like a baseball pitcher who's trying to throw seven or eight different pitches," says Pete Newell, the Golden State Warriors' talent consultant and ac-

continued



The newest Rocket can lift off from any spot

Sampson has size to spare, mobility and shooting touch. Now he needs some NBA game experience.

knowledged basketball guru. "Right now he just has to concentrate and master three or four things instead of doing everything. It'll take a little time."

That's the consensus throughout the league—it's just a matter of time. And no one knows that better than Sampson himself. "I feel that I'm improving," he says. "Every day I feel more and more comfortable with what I'm doing. But there's still time. Time is always there, enough time to do everything that must be done."

Fortunately for Sampson, his employers' vision also seems to extend beyond the here and now. From owner Charlie Thomas to General Manager Ray Patterson to new Coach Bill Fitch, the Rockets were content to treat the exhibition season as Sampson's incubation period, a time that will surely continue beyond Saturday's regular-season opener against San Antonio, beyond the team's first visit to Philadelphia in February, beyond even the beginning of the playoffs next April. "The big extravaganza that people seem to want won't be here," says Patterson. "I can see a sense of organizational progress, but there's no magic number of wins needed to satisfy me. I know we'll be better in November than we are now, and January will top that. If that means 29 wins, 35 wins, 43 wins, fine. If not, that's fine, too."

Whether Sampson puts the ball up with his right hand



After all, the Rockets spent 13 months in purgatory just waiting to get to this point. It hurt them to trade Moses Malone to Philadelphia a year ago rather than pay him $2.2 million a year. But Moses' departure resulted in last season's abominable 14–68 record. It then took luck for the Rockets to beat the Indiana Pacers in the coin flip (heads was the winning call) for the right to pick Sampson first in the June draft. Had the Rockets kept Malone, they probably would have continued winning 45 or so games a season, then losing to a more talented club in the playoffs.

Today, however, everything feels brand-new in Houston. In Forward Caldwell Jones the Rockets have a proven winner, although he labored in obscurity after coming over from Philadelphia in the Malone deal, and the Rockets used a first-round draft pick obtained from Cleveland to get Louisville Forward Rodney McCray. As Patterson points out, "You may as well add Robert Reid and Fitch, too, because Ralph's being here is the reason why they both are here." Reid came back from a year's premature retirement (he had wanted to devote himself to the Pentecostal religion), while Fitch, who quit the Celtics last spring after four seasons, certainly needed more than 37-year-old Elvin Hayes to lure him to Houston.





The big rookie's quick transition from offense to defense impresses Fitch, and Gilmore as well.

The changes have already brightened the Rockets' financial picture. For the same money they would have had to pay Malone, they have Sampson plus three more potential starters and a new coach. At the box office, season-ticket sales are up 20% from last season, to more than 5,000. But Ralphonomics goes beyond season-ticket sales. Last year the Rockets played five preseason games; four of them were on the road, and they received minimal proceeds. This year they played seven exhibitions on the road and were able to demand a $30,000 minimum for each. The long-term plans, of course, include lots of SRO playoff crowds at the 15,816-seat Summit.

All because of Sampson. It took only a week in August for Ralph and his agent, Tom Collins (who also represents Abdul-Jabbar), to iron out the details of Sampson's four-year, $5 million contract with Thomas. And from the moment Sampson stepped onto the court the first day of rookie camp, it was obvious that he possessed immense potential. He was one of the better outside shooters, while in drills designed to emphasize the quick transition from offense to defense and vice versa, Sampson, gobbling up the court with his long, loping strides, was rarely caught out of position.

Of course, Houston was concerned with more than Sampson's ability to maneuver in drills. Throughout the exhibition season Fitch was concerned because Sampson had spent too much of his summer lifting weights and not enough time on the court. "There are times when Steve Stipanovich [the 6′ 11″ center from Missouri taken second in the draft by Indiana] is going to look like a real find compared with Ralph because, I think, he's had more on-the-court experience," said Fitch.

"I don't think Ralph's played enough five-on-five. He's learned in three-on-three and in drills, but he's got to put it all together out on the court. The only way he's going to do that is in games."

But when Sampson made his first appearance in a Rocket uniform on Oct. 6 against the Mavericks in Dallas, it appeared that the transition from college player of the year to NBA superstar wouldn't be a problem at all. In 30 minutes he scored 24 points, with four assists, six rebounds and a pair of blocked shots. He even threw in a three-point shot for good measure. Despite the auspicious debut, three factors—each of no

continued

or left, he's an imposing presence at center stage.



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small importance—had to be considered. First, the Rockets lost the game 122–111. Second, Sampson scored most of his baskets over Dallas Center Pat Cummings, who stands only 6′ 9½″. Third, because Houston had yet to install any kind of a set offense, most of Sampson's points were scored on jumpers from the outside.

That pattern continued through the preseason schedule, Sampson taking the ball outside and shooting over smaller men, with the Rockets falling short at the end. Sampson ended up as the Rockets' second-leading scorer (13.4) and leading rebounder (8.8), but he hardly played like the $5 million man. His nadir came in the game against the Bullets back at his beloved Charlottesville. Before a sellout crowd of adoring fans at University Hall, Sampson shot 0 for 5 in the first quarter, picked up four fouls after wrestling with Ruland and Mahorn, and was benched by Fitch. He finished with eight points and seven rebounds, fouling out after 22 minutes.

Score one for humility. "What I learned from that game is that I can't muscle up with the really big guys," says Sampson. "I can't blame them for what they did—if I were them I'd do the same thing to me. But what I can do in return is go around the contact and beat it that way. It doesn't make any sense for me to sit in there and get beaten up every night. If I go inside trying to push and shove, then I'm not playing my game."

Just how much inside and how much outside Sampson will be playing on offense has yet to be determined by Fitch, who has been more concerned with his other players' progress than with Sampson's. Much of Sampson's preseason was spent roaming between the high and low posts, just as he had done in college. For a time Sampson looked and felt awkward down low, both he and his new teammates unsure of how to get the ball to him inside through the tangle of defenders. "That's one of the big changes, playing against people close to my size all the time," says Sampson. "In college, someone would just throw the ball up in the air, and I'd jump up and grab it and do whatever I wanted to with it. Now I have to learn what the best angles are and the best spots to get the ball."

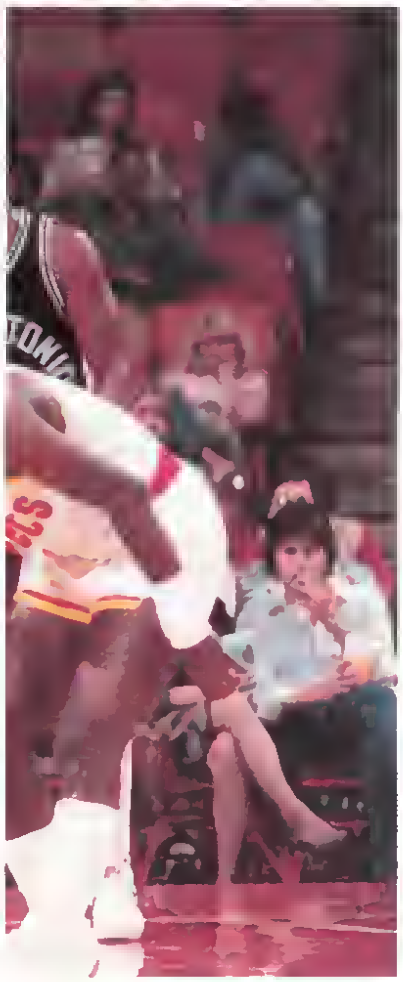
Fitch has been after Sampson to find a comfortable high-percentage shot. Initially, that turned out to be a variation of the 15-foot turnaround fadeaway—the shot that teammate Hayes has elevated to an art form over his 15 years—but it's not the sort of power move that a 7′ 4″ NBA center ought to depend on.

"Ralph's problem is just a case of breaking old habits," says Newell. "Ralph saw so much zone in college that he had to drift to the outside to get off a shot. Now he has to get them off consistently from the middle."



Young, gifted and 7′ 4″, Sampson might end up with the basketball world in his hands, but he'll surely have a few down moments along the way.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER PEAD MILLER

Sampson has a wide assortment of inside moves to choose from. He's capable of hooking with either hand, and, of course, anytime he gets the ball within five feet of the basket he's likely to follow with a thundering stuff. But by having him go inside too often, the Rockets would diminish Sampson's effectiveness. Indeed, his best shot right now appears to be a short, turnaround spinning jumper from either baseline, just outside the lane. Extend that shot out a bit to 12 or 15 feet and you have a true scoring threat that would have to be honored by opposing centers, and that in turn would clear the lane for teammates cutting to the basket.

"With the mobility he has, you just know that he'd be great even if he were only 6′ 6″," says Denver Center Dan Issel, a fine outside shooter himself. "Houston should try to take advantage of it." Artis Gilmore of the San Antonio Spurs, a center who has made his reputation underneath the basket, agrees. "Each of the great centers in the league—Wilt, Russell, Kareem, Walton—all had something that made them unique, that set them apart from the rest. With Ralph, it's his mobility and outside capabilities. He could be the best big man ever at it."

Gilmore, for one, believes that Sampson's biggest problem at present is "all of the guys in the media and all the attention." Gilmore was once an Exhibit A himself. Well, the Rockets are doing all they can to keep the Sampson show from becoming a circus. When Sampson visits a city for the first time, a special press conference is arranged. Although he can be irritable and his answers are curt at times, Sampson for the most part has handled himself well, displaying a surprising touch of humor.

Asked at a press conference in Denver whether he was glad to be finished with the four-corner offenses and stalls that confronted him in college, Sampson brightened and nearly bellowed, "Yeah! Wouldn't you be?" Later he was asked to name his favorite player. Without missing a beat he replied, "Me."

So concerned was Fitch that Sampson not suffer from the sort of media mania that engulfed John Elway, the Denver Broncos' rookie quarterback, the coach collected many of the articles that appeared on Elway throughout the summer and made them into a scrapbook. The idea was to show Ralph that he wasn't alone under the public microscope.

So far, Sampson, who turned down NBA millions to stay in school and get his degree, has handled nearly everything thrown at him. Except time zones. "That may be the hardest thing to get used to," he says. "Being in different places is not the problem. You learn how to eat right and get enough sleep before a game. Where I get into trouble is making phone calls back home to the East and waking people up at night when I'm in the West somewhere." Between traveling and two-a-days, Sampson has yet to spend a full day in his new Houston condominium. Things have been so hectic that his mother is flying in from Virginia to complete the unpacking.

Sampson already has put the Rockets' 1–7 exhibition season behind him. "At first I would get upset, losing all the time," he says. "But the coaches convinced me that the preseason was just that—preseason—a time to get ready for the real thing."

But Sampson and the Rockets will have to endure losing for a while longer, at least until all the newcomers get acquainted and Fitch's lessons begin to take hold. By that time the season could be a month old, and even with the expanded playoffs, which will now include 16 teams instead of 12, the Rockets could be too far behind to catch up.

"Know what I think?" says San Antonio Coach Mo McHone. "The thing Sampson's really going to learn is that there are an awful lot of guys in this league who can score and that most of them are in the middle. What's going to determine how he stands in comparison with people like Moses and Kareem? Every night they go into the arena, they know that they have to damn near be the best player out on the floor. The defenses are set against them, the other team is keyed up to play them. But they do it anyway, nearly all the time. That's where Ralph has to get to."

It's all just a matter of time. CONTINUED

Blood, Sweat And Cheers

Slam dunks and fancy moves add glitter to the NBA scene, but it's hard work that wins the championships **by Anthony Cotton**



It's there whenever the Philadelphia 76ers' Moses Malone claws and bullies his way through opponents for another offensive rebound. It's there when Portland Trail Blazer Jim Paxson, working without the ball, zigzags from one side of the court to the other, tiring his defender, before cutting to the basket and taking a pass for an easy shot. And, despite what you might think, it's there when Philly's Julius Erving or Atlanta's Dominique Wilkins gracefully soars for a dunk. It is old-fashioned work, NBA-style. "You naturally think that gifted players do things easily," says Portland Coach Jack Ramsay, "but behind every dunk are hours of practice. There's no way to measure how many hours Julius spent on a playground as a kid, but that has to be counted as hard work."

Fans, though, see only the result—the apparently effortless game played by so many NBA stars—and not the preparation. As a result, many ticket-holders have tended to believe that hard work is an alien concept in pro basketball. Forward Dan Roundfield of the Atlanta Hawks can't understand why. "The more we do," he says, "the less they seem to like it."

Another perception of the public—unfair but still widespread—is that only the last two minutes of an NBA game are worth watching and that players fully exert themselves only late in a game. While that two-minute theory may well be a backhanded tribute to the drama inherent in pro basketball, Roundfield feels

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARNOLD ROTH



While some players (left) like to take a break from time to time, the workaholics are out there busting a gut.

that dismissing the first 46 or so minutes is not only demeaning to players but also ludicrous. "If a player isn't working at the start, he'll never have to worry about the last two minutes," says Roundfield. "His team will be down by 27 points or he'll be on the bench."

Fortunately for the image-poor NBA, the time when the mention of the words "work ethic" and pro hoops in the same sentence would elicit snickers may fast be coming to an end. Of course, it's silly to posit that every player in the NBA has suddenly become a disciple of John Calvin's, or even that sweat will supplant talent as the prime reason for a team's success. It is true, however, that the league has begun to move away from the vision it presented of itself in the '70s:



Though he recently signed for $15 million, Bird loves to give his all for a loose ball.

slam dunks, one-on-one showboating and halftime H-O-R-S-E contests on CBS. Mind you, the NBA front offices have had precious little to do with this change; rather, it has been the players, most notably that blue-collar, three-time MVP Malone, who have changed the public's view with the high level of energy they're now expending.

Center Jack Sikma of the Seattle SuperSonics, himself no slouch in the effort department, says, "Working hard is the quickest way to a fan's heart. You can do a 360 [degree dunk] and so forth, and that's instant gratification, but over the years you'll see the Philly fans more enamored of Moses for how hard he plays than for how pretty he is."

Malone's coach, Billy Cunningham, agrees. "Not only was I very proud of the way my team worked last season," he says of his champions, "but I also felt the league in general worked as hard as I've ever seen over an 82-game schedule."

It's in recognition of this new spit-on-your-hands-and-roll-up-your-sleeves spirit that we present the All-NBA Work-Ethic Team. But before naming our selectees, we should tell you that the coaches, players and management types interviewed on this subject disagreed markedly on what criteria should be applied in choosing our team.

"Guys who aren't supposed to make the NBA—and do—should be included," said K.C. Coach Cotton Fitzsimmons. "Players like Ed Nealy, Kurt Rambis, Darwin Cook and Rory Sparrow."

On the other hand, Darrell Griffith of the Utah Jazz would not omit "the smooth player who is a superstar—a finesse-type player. He doesn't get noticed, but he works just as hard." In other words, a Dr. J—or a Griffith.

So, our team falls somewhere between "shouldn't be in the NBA" and "couldn't help but be there." For example, Roundfield was selected at forward over Buck Williams of New Jersey because, although Williams is a very willing worker, he's blessed with more natural ability than Roundfield. Indeed, Roundfield's coach at Chadsey High in Detroit advised him to give up basketball because he "would never amount to much."

The rest of our work gang: Malone at center, Larry Bird of the Celtics at the other forward, and Paxson and Sidney Moncrief of Milwaukee at guard. "The thing all these guys have in common is that nothing has come easily for them," says Ramsay. "They've excelled through hard work, and they keep working hard because of a desire to stay on top."

"I expect the superhustle thing—diving for loose balls, whatever—from marginal players like Paul Mokeski or Charlie Criss," says Milwaukee Coach Don Nelson. "Those are the things they have to do to keep a job. I also expect it from any one of my players in a big game. But



whatever the situation, Sidney is likely to dive for a loose ball. Each time he does, I shudder. What good would it do for him to get hurt and be lost for the season . . . in a game against Cleveland? But that's Sidney. The thing I try to impress upon him is to make good decisions. I don't say don't dive for loose balls or don't hustle. He'd look at me like I was crazy."

"I think hard work is something that can set you apart from other players," says Moncrief. "Knowing you paid the price makes you feel better prepared than the next guy. It makes you feel better, period. My mother—in fact, my entire family—emphasized it when I was a little boy. If you take out the garbage, take it all out. If you mop the floor, don't miss any spots. You go through years of that and it becomes ingrained in your personality. Some players have never really had to do anything in their lives, or they coasted. I can't stand doing anything halfway."

Neither can Bird, who despite recently signing a seven-year, $15 million contract, still plays like the hick from French Lick, Ind. "When I was growing up everyone I played with was bigger than me or knew the game better than me," Bird says. "But I realized that I could stay with them because of the extra hour or hour and a half of work that I was putting in when they weren't around. I lack the jumping ability, speed and other natural abilities of a lot of guys."

The Celtics took a cue from the 76ers in training camp by hiring an exercise instructor to help their players better prepare their bodies for the season. Some Celtics were less than enthusiastic, but Bird dutifully kept going. "That's the

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Paxson has parlayed moving with and without the ball into an All-Star career.

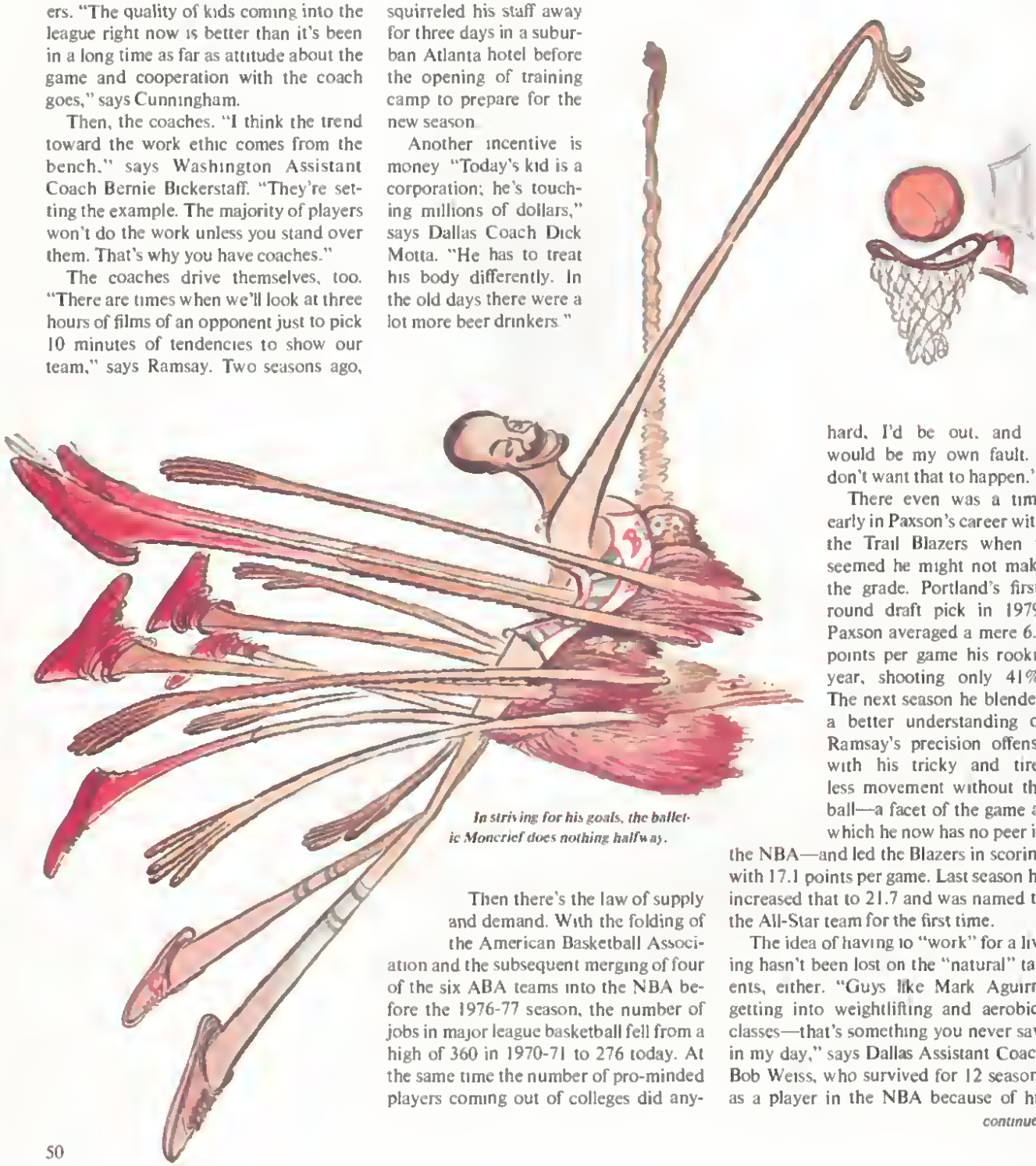
weird part of Larry," says Boston Coach K.C. Jones. "He rebounds and passes and shoots as well as anybody around, but he also dives for loose balls, and he's the guy patting teammates on the butt—or giving them the business if they don't hustle."

Fortunately for the NBA, Bird's outlook is becoming more and more prevalent, for several reasons. First, the players. "The quality of kids coming into the league right now is better than it's been in a long time as far as attitude about the game and cooperation with the coach goes," says Cunningham.

Then, the coaches. "I think the trend toward the work ethic comes from the bench," says Washington Assistant Coach Bernie Bickerstaff. "They're setting the example. The majority of players won't do the work unless you stand over them. That's why you have coaches."

The coaches drive themselves, too. "There are times when we'll look at three hours of films of an opponent just to pick 10 minutes of tendencies to show our team," says Ramsay. Two seasons ago, before a Hawks-76ers playoff, Mike Fratello, then an assistant coach under Kevin Loughery with Atlanta, put together a 1½-inch-thick manual diagraming all of Philadelphia's plays, options and tendencies. That wasn't enough to beat Philly's superior talent, but Fratello believes in the work ethic. Named the Hawks' head coach in June, Fratello squirreled his staff away for three days in a suburban Atlanta hotel before the opening of training camp to prepare for the new season.

Another incentive is money. "Today's kid is a corporation; he's touching millions of dollars," says Dallas Coach Dick Motta. "He has to treat his body differently. In the old days there were a lot more beer drinkers."



In striving for his goals, the balletic Moncrief does nothing halfway.

Then there's the law of supply and demand. With the folding of the American Basketball Association and the subsequent merging of four of the six ABA teams into the NBA before the 1976-77 season, the number of jobs in major league basketball fell from a high of 360 in 1970-71 to 276 today. At the same time the number of pro-minded players coming out of colleges did anything but decline. As a result, players have had to work harder merely to get work.

"There's so much competition that you can't coast," says Paxson. "Especially someone like me. I was never a great player, never the focal point of even my college team [Dayton]. If I didn't work hard, I'd be out, and it would be my own fault. I don't want that to happen."

There even was a time early in Paxson's career with the Trail Blazers when it seemed he might not make the grade. Portland's first-round draft pick in 1979, Paxson averaged a mere 6.2 points per game his rookie year, shooting only 41%. The next season he blended a better understanding of Ramsay's precision offense with his tricky and tireless movement without the ball—a facet of the game at which he now has no peer in the NBA—and led the Blazers in scoring with 17.1 points per game. Last season he increased that to 21.7 and was named to the All-Star team for the first time.

The idea of having to "work" for a living hasn't been lost on the "natural" talents, either. "Guys like Mark Aguirre getting into weightlifting and aerobics classes—that's something you never saw in my day," says Dallas Assistant Coach Bob Weiss, who survived for 12 seasons as a player in the NBA because of his

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work habits—not his ability. "Ten years ago the trend was to come out of school and play every day in the summer for the first three years. Then you got a little bored and started playing golf and tennis in the summer. In those days the young guys were in better shape in training camp. Last year our veterans were in much better shape than our rookies."

With his lumbering gait and 255-pound body, the 6′ 11″ Malone will never be confused with a Lou Ferrigno or a flashdancer, but that's not to say he wouldn't be in the NBA even if he didn't work so hard. Malone's skills are substantial, so in his case, hard work is mostly a matter of pride. "When Moses accepted the MVP trophy two years ago he said that he didn't consider himself to be the most talented player in the league . . . that he liked to think of himself as being one of the hardest-working," says San Diego Coach Jim Lynam. But it wasn't until he arrived in Philly last season and turned a perennial bridesmaid into a champion that skeptics were convinced that Malone's emphasis on hard work could reap such grand results.

In the 1977 finals, the 76ers' galaxy of stars lost to Ramsay's industrious Trail Blazers four games to two. Having watched that series and then having lost in a playoff series to a hard-working Washington team the next season, his first as the Philly coach, Cunningham realized the Sixers needed more work and less play. "Instead of thinking about the game, I was worrying about the people who had to resolve *their* various problems," says Cunningham. "I just don't have the personality to deal with that."

He decided that a few talented hard workers were superior to almost any number of super-talented underachievers, and the 76ers made major roster changes, acquiring or drafting such players as Bobby Jones, Maurice Cheeks and Clint Richardson. But Cunningham continued to take a beating as the Sixers lost to Los Angeles in the 1979-80 league finals, blew a 3–1 lead in losing to the Boston Celtics in the 1980-81 Eastern championship series and lost to the Lakers in the finals again in 1982.

That last defeat almost caused Cunningham to retire from coaching, but he decided to stay on shortly before Malone showed up. There were doubts about how well Malone, a consummate rebounder who was not noted for his all-court game, would mesh with his new teammates. "I always felt that if I was the best at doing what I do—getting things happening inside—the team would win," says Malone. "That was enough for me. The more contact I get, the better I get to feeling about the game."



Three-time MVP Malone has raised hard work to an art form.

Everyone in Philly shared in that good feeling as the 76ers tore through the league, finishing with a 65–17 record. In the playoffs they won 12 of 13 games, sweeping L.A. in the finals. Malone was, as usual, the NBA's leading rebounder, MVP—and most diligent laborer.

Can Moses & Co. win another title? No team has repeated as NBA champion since the 1968-69 Celtics, and Malone's off-season was not all he wanted it to be. "Last summer has got to be the most I ever laid off without playin' ball," Malone says. "Seems like every time I looked, someone wanted me to do something. I was flying here and flying there."

Now, Moses says, those distractions are behind him. "I plan on working even harder this year," he says. "That's not a problem. You can't just *play* the game. In your mind you have to be stronger than the pain and everything else. Some guys may be great ballplayers but there are times when they say, 'I got it made, I don't have to work tonight.' I'm not like that. Even if I'm hurt, every night I try to give 110 percent."

If it's true that effort begets effort, then there's no reason to pick against Moses and the 76ers in their drive for back-to-back titles. After all, when you've got the ultimate practitioner of the work ethic on your side, there's no reason to expect, as Mo himself would say, anything less than "mo."

CONTINUED

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PONTIAC WE BUILD EXCITEMENT

Scouting Reports

Pacific Division

Change is the order of the day in the Pacific Division, and the LOS ANGELES LAKERS jumped right into the swing of things on Oct. 10, sending starting Guard Norm Nixon to the San Diego Clippers for backup Center Swen Nater and rookie Guard Byron Scott. The trade creates a new chemistry test for the team and its fans. "I'm wearing black," said season-ticket holder Jack Nicholson, one of Nixon's most ardent admirers. The Lakers maintain that Nater was the key to the deal. If healthy, the 6′ 11″ Nater, who has played in just 28 games in the last two seasons because of knee injuries, will provide more than just a body to spell Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, 36 now. As the season starts, the Lakers' medical report reads: Jabbar—recovering from viral hepatitis; Forward Kurt Rambis—a sore left foot; Forward James Worthy—recovering from the fractured left leg suffered late last season; Mitch Kupchak—making an almost miraculous recovery from a severe knee and leg injury suffered two seasons ago. As for Scott, when the Clippers made him the fourth pick in the draft, he said he considered himself comparable to the Lakers' do-everything guard, Magic Johnson, "except I'm quicker and can shoot better from the outside." Whatever, first place is a lock for the Lakers.

In recent years the PHOENIX SUNS have fielded finesse teams, all of which faded in the playoffs. This season the Suns will mix talented finesse forwards like Larry Nance and Walter Davis with talented musclemen like Maurice Lucas and Rick Robey—and hope that it works. Coach John MacLeod has Alvan Adams at center, along with James Edwards, who was acquired last February from Cleveland. Look for Edwards to start, if for no other reason than that he's taller, which should mean more rebounds. Adams and newcomers Robey, who came from the Celtics in return for Dennis Johnson, and Guard Paul Westphal, a starter for the Suns' 1976 NBA finalists who signed as a free agent after playing for the Knicks last season, provide quality depth. "When I was here before," says Westphal, "we had maybe two or three guys who could score and the rest you told to go pick somebody. Now I can see where any one of nine or 10 guys could lead the team in scoring in any particular game."

Before the June draft, the PORTLAND TRAIL BLAZERS gave psychological tests to likely picks. Of the more than 700 tests that Bruce Ogilvie, professor emeritus of psychology at San Jose State, has administered in all sports, few athletes have ever tested as high as Clyde (The Glide) Drexler, the 6′ 7″ forward from Houston, who was the Blazers' No. 1 pick. He will add a dash of flash to what is a good but rather workmanlike Blazer team. As usual, the star of the Portland show is Coach Jack Ramsay's system. However, the players implementing it are perhaps Portland's best since the team's championship days of 1976-77. Guards Jim Paxson and Darnell Valentine, forwards Mychal Thompson and Calvin Natt and Center Wayne Cooper are solid performers. Ramsay's biggest problem will be finding enough minutes to satisfy everyone, including Kenny Carr, Fat Lever and Audie Norris.



It doesn't figure to be a boom year in Seattle, but Scooter McCra

Talk about change. During one two-week period in training camp the SAN DIEGO CLIPPERS traded for five guards to join the seven already in camp. First-year Coach Jim Lynam will start Norm Nixon and Ricky Pierce, acquired from Detroit. Whoever brings the ball up will be able to pass it off to



should stand out in the crowd.

potentially one of the best front lines in the league. The plan for Center Bill Walton this season calls for him to play all games except those on consecutive nights. When Walton's out of the lineup, former Seattle SuperSonic James Donaldson, who's 7′ 2″, will provide effective relief. At forward, Greg Kelser, another ex-Sonic, was dazzling in camp and will work with Terry Cummings, last season's Rookie of the Year, who expects to play a complete season despite an irregular heartbeat which kept him out of last season's final five games. At times Lynam will send on court a front line that should strike fear into the hearts of most teams: Walton and Donaldson together, with Cummings operating as the small forward. But it will be the backcourt that determines whether these Clippers will have wings.

The big change for the GOLDEN STATE WARRIORS is on the bench: For the first time in 14 years, Al Attles won't be there, having given up coaching to be general manager. His successor, former assistant John Bach, *may be in for heavy weather*. After missing the playoffs by a single game in 1980-81 and '81-82, Golden State fell apart last year, finishing fifth in the division. Things won't change that much this season, though Bach has instituted a get-tough policy. "Discipline is needed in America, and not only in pro basketball," says Bach. "If a controlled substance is illegal, then anyone caught using it should be banned from the league. If we have to shoot some hostages, let's do it." Center Joe Barry Carroll (24.1 points per game last season) and Forward Purvis Short (21.4 ppg) are back, and they've been known to shoot *some* basketballs.

The SEATTLE SUPERSONICS are a team in transition, the group that won the '79 NBA title now only a memory. "Nineteen seventy-nine was a long time ago," says Coach Lenny Wilkens. "A team's priorities change, and you do what you have to. It's not enough to just make the playoffs; almost anyone can do that. We want to go farther."

Unfortunately for Wilkens, just making the playoffs is probably beyond reach this season. Forward Tom Chambers, acquired from San Diego, Center Jack Sikma and Guard Gus Williams give the Sonics a potent scoring triumvirate. Unfortunately, the Sonics can't play defense. Rookie Forward Scooter McCray and Guard Al Wood, who came up the coast in the Chambers deal, will help, but apart from Sikma and McCray, Seattle is woefully weak on the boards. General Manager Les Habegger has jokingly wondered about advertising for some rebounding help. But neither want ads nor Dear Abby will provide the answers, which may make new owner Barry Ackerley wonder why he splurged $21 million to buy the team from Sam Schulman on Oct. 14. Ackerley has been quoted as saying that he knows nothing about basketball but is patient and will be content to let his basketball people run the show. This season that patience will come in handy. —ANTHONY COTTON

Midwest Division

They're known as McHone's Cones, the four Day-Glo markers SAN ANTONIO SPURS Coach Morris McHone puts out for fast-break drills. At the end of each practice, groups of three go up and back, navigating the cones, passing the ball and making a layup. The goal: Sink at least 56 shots in the allotted seven minutes. To the Spurs, who under their rookie coach will try to win a fourth straight Midwest title, 56 has special significance. That's the number of victories they need to qualify for owner Angelo Drossos' salary *incentives. Once they reach 56 wins, the Spurs "break the* bank," according to McHone. For instance, All-Star Guard George Gervin could earn as much as $300,000 above his salary.

The Spurs still haven't gotten over the hump of the Western Conference finals and into the Championship Series, and some laid last season's 4–2 playoff loss to L.A. to a suspect bench. But the club won't lack Spurs of the moment if one of two rookies, Notre Dame's John Paxson or St. John's Kevin Williams, can deepen the guard corps. "At a predraft camp it seemed like every guy Williams guarded wanted to fight him," says McHone. "That's an attitude we need." Says General Manager Bob Bass, "If our bench looks weak, it's only because our starters are so good." Those starters include Gene Banks, Mike Mitchell, Artis Gilmore, Johnny Moore and Gervin.

Cotton Fitzsimmons' KANSAS CITY KINGS won 45 games

continued

last season, 10 or so more than they had any business winning. And they did so well despite the flashy but erratic play of Guard Ray Williams. Now Williams and his 39% shooting are gone, traded back to New York. Williams became expendable because of the emergence of scorers like Eddie Johnson (19.8 ppg at small forward), Mike Woodson (18.2 off the bench) and Larry Drew (20.1), whom teammates have been calling Landlord since he signed a $600,000 contract this fall that includes full ownership of an office building under construction in Sacramento. It'll be at least a year before second-round pick Larry (Mr. Mean) Micheaux, a 6′ 9″ forward out of Houston, will make an impact. (He was spotted taking righthanded layups off his right foot in one scrimmage—no mean feat.) But with Joe C. Meriweather and the much-improved LaSalle Thompson at center and the acquisition of Forward Mark Olberding and guards Billy Knight and Don Buse, the Kings shouldn't be nearly as mercurial as last season.



John Paxson will have to win his Spurs in the backcourt.

DENVER NUGGETS Coach Doug Moe was running 2½-hour training-camp practices, unheard of previously, in an effort to fine-tune Denver's defense, the league's most scored-upon. "We're going to give up the most points in the league regardless of how good our defense is, but we *do* play defense," he says. "In the past we've started off overplaying. This year we're going to be aggressive close to the basket, not outside. Guys like Alex English and Kiki Vandeweghe [the first teammates to finish 1-2 in scoring in the NBA in 29 years] and Dan Issel [the 6′ 9″ center] have to play the majority of the game, and they simply can't keep that pressure up." Outside, Rob (Judge) Williams will bring order to the court from the point. Theodore Roosevelt (T.R.) Dunn, a fine defender and rebounder at off-guard, speaks softly, but doesn't have the big stick from the outside. So top draft pick Howard (Hi C) Carter from LSU will be expected to juice up Denver's perimeter game. "He has a lot of outside potential," says Moe. So do the Nuggets, if they can fulfill their limited inside potential.

The DALLAS MAVERICKS remain desperate for a center, something they have never had in their three seasons in the NBA. In 23 of last year's 44 losses, the Mavericks were ahead or tied in the fourth quarter. "If we had one man who could get 80 percent of the other team's missed shots, we might have won 12 more," says Coach Dick Motta. "Or if we had a guy we could go to for either a basket or a foul, we might have won six more and made the playoffs."

Dallas made the fewest turnovers in the league, and floor leader Brad Davis had the highest assist-to-turnover ratio while setting an NBA record for the best field-goal shooting percentage for a guard (.572). All Motta can hope to do is squeeze a little more rebounding and defense out of starters Rolando Blackman, Jay Vincent and the svelte Mark Aguirre, who reported six pounds *under*weight. No. 1 pick Dale Ellis, a 6′ 7″ forward from Tennessee, will be asked to come off the bench and shoot a la Milwaukee's Junior Bridgeman. "Dale's going to play a lot," Motta says. "He has a chance for greatness, and I don't say that about a lot of rookies." Dallas may make the league's expanded playoff picture, but it won't be able to do great things until one of its 11 stockpiled draft picks—including Cleveland's top choice the next three years—yields one great big thing.

Quiz time. (1) In 1967-68 the San Diego Rockets won 15 games. Who was the No. 1 draft pick who led them to 37 wins the following season? (2) In 1978-79 the Boston Celtics won 29 games. Who was the coach who, taking a rookie named Larry Bird, directed 61 victories the next year? The answers—(1) Elvin Hayes and (2) Bill Fitch—are both with the HOUSTON ROCKETS And so, too, is 7′ 4″ Ralph Sampson. "From the time he hits the floor he's saying, 'How great can I make my teammates?' " says Hayes. "We've got to say, 'How great can we make Ralph Sampson?' " Alan Leavell, who led the team in scoring (14.8 ppg) and assists, leads the guards, and Swingman Robert Reid returns after a year away for religious reasons.

Fitch's fast break will be a welcome departure from too many years of walk-it-up offenses. "One of the benefits of fast-break basketball is you get in shape to play defense," Fitch says. "Conditioning is 90 percent of defense." Sampson should provide the other 10% with his shot-blocking.

And Sampson's defense might permit Fitch to start Lewis (Black Magic) Lloyd, a defenseless offensive machine, at small forward. Rodney McCray, a 6′ 7″ forward from Louisville and the No. 3 pick in the entire draft, was a holdout for the first three weeks of camp—he has back problems.

Having long laid claim to the league's most incongruous name, the UTAH JAZZ now sports the NBA's least likely homes: Salt Lake City and Las Vegas. Utah will play 11 "home" games in Vegas, but there's no truth to the rumors that the Jazz's droll coach, Frank Layden, will become the Strip's new Bob Hope, or that Jerry Eaves, their black, Jewish point guard, will supplant Sammy Davis Jr., or that backup Center Rich Kelley (an unsigned free agent) will take his phone-answering machine routines and replace George Carlin, or that top draft pick Thurl Bailey will put his fabulous bass voice to use and Lou Rawls to shame, or that 7′ 4″ Mark Eaton will be mistaken for Caesars Palace. But the Jazz could be good for more than a few postprandial laughs. Unlike Richard Pryor, Forward John Drew makes no jokes about his rehabilitation from freebase abuse, a comeback Layden calls "a wonderful thing." And Forward Adrian Dantley, who went down after 22 games last season when he tore ligaments in his right, or shooting, wrist, is completely healed. Eventually, look for Drew to become sixth man, and the 6′ 11″ Bailey to start. "Teams won't be able to put a big man on Dantley," Layden says. "Like the Lakers—they've always put Jamaal Wilkes on our big forward and Abdul-Jabbar on Dantley. Now they'll have to play A.D. honest." But that they can afford to do; the rest of the team isn't exactly playing with loaded dice. —ALEXANDER WOLFF



McHone says Williams adds punch to San Antonio's attack.

Central Division

Sharpshooting Guard Brian Winters and Center Dave Cowens have retired, but the MILWAUKEE BUCKS won't lack for oldtimers. They traded for Kevin Grevey, 30 years old and a shooting clone of Winters, and 35-year-old Nate Archibald, who was picked up on waivers, will strengthen the point considerably. Six-eleven Center Bob Lanier, 35, is back after two more rounds of arthroscopic knee surgery, and Old Man Milwaukee's health ultimately will determine just how far these Bucks go in the playoffs.

Bucks of more recent vintage are Guard Sidney Moncrief, 26, and Forward Marques Johnson, 27, who combined for 43.9 points a game last season, and 7-foot Alton Lister, 25, who blocked 177 shots in 1982-83.

The new streamlined, squeaky-clean image of the ATLANTA HAWKS' All-Star guard, Eddie Johnson, whose manic-depressive personality and cocaine habit made him one of the league's most troubled players a few years ago, is the big plus for the Hawks. Last year Johnson came to camp fat and generally out of shape. After missing the last 21 games of 1982-83 with strained ligaments in his right knee, Johnson had surgery and spent the next five months shaping up.

The new faces on the Hawks include Sly Williams, who averaged 11.9 points a game off the bench for New York last year; Point Guard Glenn (Doc) Rivers, who was a second-round draft pick; and Swingman Randy Wittman, the No. 1 pick who averaged 19.0 ppg for Indiana. Returning are the NBA's shot-blocking leader, Tree Rollins (with 343) at center; Dan Roundfield and Dominique Wilkens at forward; and Johnny Davis at guard.

The DETROIT PISTONS got off to a 12–6 start and a share of the Central Division lead last season, but then the injuries began to exact a toll. The most devastating was to Forward Kelly Tripucka, who strained ligaments in his left knee and missed 23 games. Kent Benson missed 61 games with foot and ankle injuries, and John Long missed 11 games with a groin pull. In total, 10 players missed 154 games because of injuries, and the Pistons finished 37–45. If they stay healthy, the Pistons are formidable.

Add first-round draft pick Antoine Carr to Tripucka, who was third in league scoring with 26.5 ppg, All-Star Guard Isiah Thomas and Center Bill Laimbeer, third in league rebounding with a 12.1 average, and the Pistons are right on track. Assuming they're running on all cylinders, of course.

When the CHICAGO BULLS finished last season 28–54, that finished Paul Westhead as head coach. Westhead installed a running game in Chicago, but only one Bull, Guard

continued

Reggie Theus, could run. Theus led the team in scoring (23.8 a game), assists (5.9 a game) and steals (1.7 a game). "You can't win with just one guy scoring," says Forward David Greenwood. "Everyone else just stands and watches."

Now Kevin Loughery tries his coaching hand with Guard Quintin Dailey, who has completed a drug rehabilitation program, and three first-round picks: Forward Sidney Green and guards Mitchell Wiggins and Ennis Whatley.

Play no funeral dirges for the INDIANA PACERS. True, they finished with a 20–62 record, but last spring the brothers Simon, Herb and Mel, local shopping mall barons, delivered the franchise from Chapter 11. And, sure, the Pacers lost Ralph Sampson to Houston on a coin flip, but Indiana chose 6′ 11″ Missouri Center Steve Stipanovich to join Herb Williams and Clark Kellogg on the front line. Kellogg, runner-up to San Diego's Terry Cummings for Rookie of the Year, was one of only four pros to average at least 10 rebounds and 20 points a game.

On the CLEVELAND CAVS' media day a helicopter descended from the sky and out strolled Guard World B. Free, down a red carpet no less, to announce that he would sign a three-year, $1.65 million pact. New owner Gordon Gund's Learjet had whisked Free from New York City to Cleveland, where the helicopter picked him up. "It was a dream come true," says Free, who didn't sign until 10 days after all the hoopla. "Fantasy Island all the way."

Cleveland has new team colors (burnt orange, white and royal blue), uniforms, warmups and home-court floor. Sadly, the team has primarily the same mediocre talent, although gargantuan Forward Lonnie Shelton was acquired from Seattle to beef up the front line of Cliff Robinson, who excelled in the Los Angeles Summer League, and either Jeff Cook or recently added Ben Poquette. There are incentive bonuses in Shelton's contract to persuade him to shed 20 pounds.

—LISA TWYMAN



Stipo (45) was No. 2 in the draft but No. 1 in the Pacers' hearts.

Atlantic Division

In the division of the power—Philadelphia, Boston, New York and New Jersey—and the gory—Washington, of course—every team should qualify for the playoffs. So much for the suspense of the 82-game regular season.

Come spring, the PHILADELPHIA 76ERS will attempt to become the first team in 14 years to repeat as NBA champions; the Celtics won the title in 1968 and 1969. True, Julius Erving will be 34 before the season ends, and on some nights league MVP Moses Malone will no doubt display the effect of that pounding he takes at center, but Philly is improved. Howard Wood, a 6′ 7″, 235-pound banger from the Continental Basketball Association, adds depth to the frontcourt, and splendidly named Sedale Threatt, a 6′ 2″ rookie from West Virginia Tech, joins the already overstacked backcourt of Andrew Toney, Maurice Cheeks, Clint Richardson and Franklin Edwards.

"We're not coming back this year with a cocky attitude," says Coach Billy Cunningham. "We're approaching this season as if we hadn't accomplished anything yet."

If Robert Parish had made good on his threat to sit out the season, the BOSTON CELTICS probably could have mailed in their game results. When Forward Kevin McHale, the Celtics' sixth man, signed a four-year, $4 million contract in July, Parish had an instant snit fit. "It's an insult to me," said Parish, whose $650,000-per-year contract as the Celtics' No. 1—and, in fact, only—center still had three years to run. Parish threatened to sit out the season, then reported to camp but later bolted the team without so much as a phone call. New owner Donald Gaston subsequently pacified Parish by sweetening the Chief's pot, but Parish endeared himself to no one and may have opened a wound that even his return won't heal.

Bill Fitch's departure as head coach, however, is bound to have a healing effect. It was as if "a fog had lifted," one Celtics insider said of Fitch's departure. The word in Boston is that the team fell apart on Fitch late in the season—the Celt-

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THE ONE TO WATCH

ics won only 56 games and were swept by Milwaukee in the Eastern semis—because the players disliked him so intensely. Former Celtic K.C. Jones, once Fitch's assistant and now his successor, has a considerably lighter touch.

With the acquisition of Guard Dennis Johnson from Phoenix, Boston now has five players who have been on the NBA's All-Defensive team—forwards Larry Bird and McHale, guards Quinn Buckner, M.L. Carr and Johnson. "D.J. gives us the big stopper defensively," says Buckner. With D.J., Gerald Henderson, Buckner and Danny Ainge in the backcourt, Jones intends to use lots of pressure defenses. Those guards also will try to get the ball into Bird's hands occasionally, Bird having signed a $15 million contract.

The NEW YORK KNICKS won 44 games despite a horrible start last season (at one point they were 14–26), and with the return of Ray Williams and the addition of rookie Darrell Walker to the backcourt to go along with holdover Rory Sparrow, they now have the quickness necessary to make Coach Hubie Brown's meat-grinder defense work. With the speed of those players and the sensational running game of Forward Bernard King, Brown, whose team seemed to play in lead shoes last season, has visions of fast breaks this year. But to run the Knicks will have to hit the boards, which means that Forward Len Robinson must play like a Truck and not a rollercoaster and that Center Bill Cartwright has to show some grit to go with his newly bulked-up frame.



The Knicks hope Walker will bring their backcourt up to speed.

The key is Williams, who was acquired from Kansas City in the off-season. The Knicks are convinced that bringing him back to New York, where he played from 1977 through 1981, will sharpen his shooting eye, after averaging 17.5 points per game for his first five seasons, Williams dipped to 15.4 last year. However, Williams' legendary lack of discipline will test Brown's coaching skills, as well as his patience. "He has the total athletic talent to be a star basketball player," Brown says. "Why hasn't he been that year in and year out at the All-Star level? I don't know. That's what we're going to find out."

The NEW JERSEY NETS learned a lot about themselves in training camp. New Coach Stan Albeck ran the Nets through a battery of physical tests and discovered that Forward Albert King (17 ppg last year) had been using only his right eye to focus on the basket (he was fitted with a soft contact lens for his left eye) and that backup Center Mike Gminski has a depth-perception problem. "So many people said Mike had bad hands," says Albeck. "Well, he doesn't." Great. Now when balls ricochet off Gminski's face, he'll know it's because he can't see, not because he has bad hands.

Albeck also had a nutritionist talk to the players, and learned that Center Darryl Dawkins "was raised on hot dogs." Well, it just goes to show, you are what you eat. In his eight pro seasons, Dawkins has been more wiener than winner. "Dawkins is the key guy," Albeck says. "We hope that jump shot of his is an antique now. If it is, he's going to be a force for us."

Albeck acquired Point Guard Kelvin Ransey to be a backup to Michael Ray Richardson, but then waived Richardson during training camp when he failed to report to the NBA-related Life Extension Institute for drug counseling. There is still some question about Ransey's ability to handle an offense, but he can run and shoot, and with guards Darwin Cook and Otis Birdsong on the wings, those are two things Albeck hopes to do a lot of.

The WASHINGTON BULLETS should get some much-needed scoring punch from the best rookie crop in the league: 6′ 4″ Guard Jeff Malone from Mississippi State and forwards Michael Britt (University of District of Columbia) and Guy Williams (Washington State). And Coach Gene Shue was pleasantly surprised by the summer-league play of 6′ 8″ Forward Darren Daye of UCLA. "Malone is going to be great, not good," says New York's Brown. With 6′ 10″, 240-pound Jeff Ruland now the starter at very big forward, Rick Mahorn in the middle, Ricky Sobers at off-guard and veteran Tom McMillen coming off the bench, the Bullets will continue to molest teams defensively. They'll be good, not great.

—BRUCE NEWMAN

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McCallum can soar down the field but chose not to major in aerospace at the Academy.



No Waterloo for Napoleon

The nation's top rusher, Navy's Napoleon McCallum runs over everyone

by Ralph Wiley

On his 12th carry, with nine minutes left in the first half of Navy's homecoming game last Saturday against Pitt, Mids (as Midshipmen are called at the Naval Academy these days) Tailback Napoleon Ardel McCallum set sail from his own 11-yard line on a sweep right. Navy was losing 14–7 and appeared hopelessly outmanned. McCallum, a junior, shifted into glide and cut back—right into Panther Linebacker Troy Benson But Benson didn't get all of McCallum, who had instinctively lowered his center of gravity, pressed his advantage in leverage, driven Benson onto his back and gained six yards all in one motion. Benson was left clinging to McCallum's right ankle. McCallum rose slowly and limped off the field, whereupon something special left Navy, if only just for a few minutes.

The Mids' trainer, Red Romo, hovered over McCallum's now tender right ankle for the next four snaps of the ball, McCallum jogged along the sideline through a fifth play, and on the sixth he returned to action by breaking two tackles and gaining 10 yards on another sweep right. Navy extended its drive to 19 plays and 79 yards before finally, with seconds left in the half, turning the ball over on an intercepted pass. McCallum threw the pass. The point is, McCallum, the nation's leader in rushing and all-purpose yardage, not only does everything he can for Navy—he *is* Navy.

"I don't know how many tackles McCallum broke, but he broke three right in front of me on one play," said Pittsburgh Coach Foge Fazio after the Panthers survived 21–14 and dropped Navy's record to 2–5. The Panthers, however, did anything but tarnish McCallum's reputation

He was coming off a 229-yard, 37-carry rushing performance against Princeton on Oct. 15 and a 211-yard, 23-carry outing against Air Force a week before that. But the Tigers and Falcons are pushovers compared with the Panthers, who had allowed only 113 yards rushing per game against blue-chip teams. So all McCallum did on 38 carries was rip Pitt for 172 yards, the most any runner has gained against the Panthers since Penn State's Lydell Mitchell got 181 in 1971. That put McCallum's season average at 159.7 yards rushing a game, 7.3 better than the average of national runner-up Mike Rozier of Nebraska. In all-purpose running, which combines rushing, receiving, punt returns and kickoff returns, McCallum's average is 233.7 yards a game. And McCallum has done that while working with a line that features three non-lettermen.

After an unnotable plebe season, McCallum was solid as a sophomore, rushing for 739 yards, but nobody could have forecast how good his numbers would be this year. "He was a little timid at first," says Marine Second Lieutenant Eddie Meyers, a former Navy running back who was a senior when McCallum was a plebe and who is among those whose records McCallum is rewriting. "He needed time to grow." Says Navy Coach Gary Tranquill, "What Nap has done has come through hard work."

McCallum started his hard work years ago on his parents' 11-acre farm in Milford, Ohio, just east of Cincinnati. "We are country people," says Napoleon, the father. "We believe in work. We had cows and goats, and sometimes they'd get out over three or four miles of hills We had to go get them. Didn't matter what time. Good work." The younger Napoleon, who is 6′ 2″ and 208 pounds, labored long hours over the livestock,

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McCallum gets his kicks returning kicks.

crops and farm equipment. His father says, "I believe he started to play sports to get away from that work. I didn't mind. I just don't believe in idleness."

Wrestling came first. The older Napoleon was the wrestling coach at Princeton High in Sharonville, Ohio for years, and Little Nap, though he started playing football at the peewee level, preferred wrestling. "You go out, shake hands with your opponent and then try to put him on his back," he says. He wrestled at Milford High but finally gave it up to concentrate on football when he went to Annapolis.

The wrestler's quickness and constitution help make McCallum a successful, intriguing runner. He rarely takes a full, hard shot, and when he does he adjusts to it instinctively upon impact, thus lightening the effects of the blow. He isn't ultra-fast—4.55 in the 40—but he can cut both ways. When finesse is ruled out, he resorts to leverage. In the fourth-quarter drive to Navy's final score, Troy Hill, Pitt's left cornerback and tri-captain, raced up on a sweep right. The hit he delivered on McCallum was so vicious that heads along the sideline turned away—but when those heads turned back, McCallum was 19 yards downfield, completing his longest run of the day.

"He's the toughest back, in terms of taking him down, that I've ever faced," says Hill, who has played against the likes of Kelvin Bryant of North Carolina, Curt Warner of Penn State and Eric Dickerson when Pitt faced SMU in the '83 Cotton Bowl. "To take a shot like that—a man is supposed to go down. I take my hat off. He's a great back."

What Heisman talk there is regarding McCallum is usually muted by mere mention of the likes of Rozier and BYU Quarterback Steve Young. But though McCallum may not be the fastest or the shiftiest back around, there's no player more valuable to his team.

McCallum, who maintains a 2.2 GPA, has an abiding interest in flying. He planned to major in aerospace engineering at Annapolis, but the three hours a day required for football changed his mind. "There was no way," he says, "so I switched to computer science. I've crammed things into my mind I didn't know I could learn. And besides, you don't need aero to fly."

"I'm not a veteran," McCallum's father says, "but the Naval Academy is good for him. They say that if he'd attended another school [the younger Napoleon was recruited by North Carolina State and Tennessee, among other football powers] he could go pro and make big dollars, but you have got to have some sense with money. Napoleon was a sheltered kid. They have curfew here. Discipline. It makes me comfortable." The older Napoleon, his wife, Virginia, and daughters, Ova and Tammy, drive to nearly every Navy game, home and away. "If it's 600 miles or less, we make it," he says.

McCallum holds or, if he continues apace, will hold nearly every rushing record at Annapolis, surpassing the likes of Meyers, Cleveland Cooper ('72-74) and Heisman winner Joe Bellino ('58-60). McCallum is already Navy's top all-purpose runner with 3,755 yards.

With less than a minute left to play against Pitt, Navy was on its 20 and trailing 21–14. Fourth-and-10. Navy Quarterback Rick Williamson threw over the middle. The roar was mighty as McCallum made a diving reception for 24 yards. The Mids then drove to the Pitt 28, and white caps were flying. With :10 left, on fourth down, Williamson floated a pass into the end zone. McCallum was in the area, but Hill caught the ball. Pitt had won. The Navy offense walked off, dejected.

What followed was remarkable. The Mids in the stands began to roar again: "Navy! Navy! Navy!" The cheers were for their team's effort. Later, Navy Middle Guard George Herlong, one of only three aerospace engineering majors on the team, emerged from the locker room with a bloodied but unbowed head. He said McCallum proved that "you really don't need aero to fly."

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The McCallums are driven to attend all young Napoleon's games within 600 miles of home.

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THE WEEK

by N. BROOKS CLARK

WEST Call it parity or across-the-board mediocrity, but whatever it is, it's time to ask, "What gives in the Pac-10?" While Southern Cal's hard times got even harder against Notre Dame (*page 30*), UCLA evened both its own record and Cal's at 3–3–1 with a 20–16 comeback victory. Stanford, which hadn't won a game this year, switched to a spritely three-step-drop-back-and-throw offense and upset Arizona 31–22. Cardinal freshman John Paye completed 22 of 28 passes for 280 yards. Washington State thought up a whole new playbook to stun previously unbeaten Arizona State 31–21. "They did things we hadn't seen before," said Sun Devil Coach Darryl Rogers. "They kept us confused." The Cougars got 132 rushing yards from Fullback Kerry Porter, picked off three passes and executed a fake punt to run their record to 3–4. In a return to the old order, Oregon—hitherto 2–0 in Pac-10 play and dreaming of a Rose Bowl bid—lost 32–3 to conference leader Washington.

One might have wondered why, with Brigham Young leading 40–12 in the fourth quarter, Cougar Quarterback Steve Young was still in the game. San Diego State Coach Doug Scovil, formerly an assistant under BYU Coach LaVell Edwards, certainly didn't understand what was going on. "Why run up the score?" he asked afterward. "Maybe they wanted to get 66." The final score was 47–12 as Young threw for 446 yards and Gordon Hudson caught four passes to break the NCAA career reception record—172—for tight ends.

MIDWEST With 12 seconds to play and Iowa and Michigan tied at 13 all, Wolverine Coach Bo Schembechler yelled at his bench, "Bergeron! Bergeron! Where the hell are you?"

"I didn't know where he was," Schembechler said later. "He's sort of small [5′ 8″ and 145 pounds]. He got lost among all those big guys." Though Schembechler couldn't see him, Kicker Bob Bergeron, a senior walk-on who pays his own tuition, room and board, was where he was supposed to be, on the field, and he did what he was supposed to do, which was hit a 45-yard field goal to give Michigan a 16–13 win. The snap was low, as was the kick—it barely cleared the crossbar—but the boot left the Wolverines tied with Illinois for first place in the Big Ten.

Last Thursday, Illini Athletic Director Neale Stoner talked with his football team to ease concerns over an ongoing NCAA inquiry into improprieties that may have taken place when two junior college prospects visited Champaign in January 1982. "Coach Mike White wanted me to explain what is happening so the players won't become confused by rumors and get shook up," said Stoner, who told the squad that a recent campus visit by NCAA investigators "isn't going to affect our current season or a possible bowl bid."

Two days later against Purdue, White switched back and forth from his one-back (passing) to his two-back (running) attack in the first half, and at intermission the score was 14–14. In the second half the Illini came out running and got 21 points to the Boilermakers' seven. "Hey, I knew I could run against these guys," said Running Back Dwight Beverly, who rushed for 179 yards and scored three touchdowns.

Colorado surprised Nebraska by scrapping its I formation and split backfield alignments for ones with one running back and two tight ends. "We shouldn't even have practiced this week," said Cornhusker Defensive Coordinator Charlie McBride. "We should have given the players the week off. What Colorado did was unexpected." Still, after leading only 14–12 at half, the Huskers scored 48 points in the third quarter to win 69–19.

When Oklahoma Coach Barry Switzer was asked whether Marcus Dupree's picture should be deleted from the Sooner program for the rest of the season, he replied, "Leave him out." When told the revision would cost $7,000, Switzer said, "Leave him in." During his Thursday evening pregame TV show, Switzer introduced his guests, Spencer Tillman and Earl Johnson, as "a fullback-turned-tailback and a freshman sensation/part-time starter or, what the hell, let's just call them the ones who stayed." The next day they ran for 124 and 110 yards, respectively, in Oklahoma's 49–11 defeat of Iowa State.

EAST A sidelight to Penn State's 41–23 victory over West Virginia was the return to form of senior Tailback Jon Williams. With the flashy performances of freshman D.J. Dozier, Williams had found himself on the bench, and teammates had told him that worrying about his situation was affecting his play. Dozier, nursing a bruised left shoulder, was to be used sparingly against the Mountaineers, and Williams, awaiting his chance to shine, was nervous. "Before the game [Tackle] Ron Heller came over to me and said, 'Hey, look baby, you're going to have the best game of your life,'" said Williams. "And that picked me up. I thought everybody had given up on me." He carried 24 times for 106 yards and caught five passes for 58 more. Meanwhile Dozier, who played only three downs, went 47 yards on a screen pass for the touchdown that put the game away.

The Nittany Lions' strategy against West Virginia Quarterback Jeff Hostetler was to force him to throw, a seemingly unusual plan for a team that had been giving up 279 passing yards per game. On the other hand, Hostetler

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had run for four first downs against Boston College and three against Pitt. The plan worked. Though Hostetler threw for 273 yards, he ran only six times for a total of four yards as the Mountaineers lost to the Lions for the 25th straight year.

Lehigh beat Army 13–12 to gain its first victory over the Cadets since 1893. Said Coach Jim Young, now 2–5 in his first season at West Point, "This is frustrating, because Lehigh is a team we should have handled." Holy Cross got three touchdowns from Fullback Chuck Doyle in defeating Brown 31–10. The 7–0 Crusaders are off to their best start since 1945.

"It was stupid," said Columbia Quarterback John Witkowski. "Dumb. I didn't think it could happen on a quarterback sneak that close. But it did." Witkowski had thrown three TD passes—one of them for a school-record 93 yards—to put the Lions up 28–20 against Bucknell and had driven Columbia to a second-and-goal at the Bison one-yard line midway through the fourth quarter. As Witkowski pressed the ball to his side on the sneak, the ball slipped off the hard plastic surface of his flak jacket and popped into the air, and Bucknell recovered. The teams went on to play to a 31–31 draw, and Witkowski wound up completing 21 of 39 passes for 423 yards, with one interception. "I was lousy," said Witkowski afterward. "Mentally, I didn't have it today."

Princeton's Doug Butler also threw for a boatload of yards—424—but his three interceptions did in the Tigers in their 28–26 loss to Harvard. Earlier in the week junior Alix Coulter played her second game at safety for Harvard's Lowell House. As the first woman in the school's history to participate in intramural tackle football, Coulter had been asked to sign a waiver absolving Harvard of any responsibility if she were injured. Because her teammates hadn't been required to sign such a release, she refused and played anyway. Taking part in about one-third of her team's defensive plays, the 5′ 11″, 160-pound Coulter had one tackle as Lowell lost 16–0 to Winthrop House. The athletic department later decided that asking for the waiver had been a mistake, adding, "There is no policy against women participating in intramural sports at Harvard."

SOUTHWEST

The showdown between Texas and Southern Methodist began early last week with a battle of boosters. First, SMU backers circulated bumper stickers around Dallas that read THE LIES OF TEXAS ARE UPON YOU. Many Mustang fans believe that officials at Texas turned in Southern Methodist for the alleged recruiting violations now being investigated by the NCAA. The Longhorns deny that charge. Texas alumni countered with a sticker—SUPPORT PRO FOOTBALL: WATCH THE SMU MUSTANGS—that spoke for itself.

SI TOP 20

1.	NEBRASKA (8–0)	1*
2.	TEXAS (6–0)	2
3.	N. CAROLINA (7–0)	3
4.	FLORIDA (6–0–1)	5
5.	MICHIGAN (6–1)	6
6.	GEORGIA (6–0–1)	7
7.	AUBURN (6–1)	8
8.	MIAMI (7–1)	9
9.	WEST VIRGINIA (6–1)	4
10.	MARYLAND (6–1)	10
11.	ILLINOIS (6–1)	11
12.	WASHINGTON (6–1)	12
13.	BOSTON COLL. (5–1)	13
14.	BYU (6–1)	15
15.	SMU (5–1)	17
16.	CLEMSON (5–1–1)	18
17.	IOWA (5–2)	14
18.	OHIO STATE (5–2)	—
19.	TENNESSEE (5–2)	—
20.	OKLAHOMA (5–2)	—

*Last week

Fueling the intensity of the rivalry was the fact that this would be the first time the teams had met with perfect records since 1947, when Doak Walker led Southern Methodist over Bobby Layne and the Longhorns. This year's game came down to a two-point conversion attempt. With SMU trailing 13–12 and 2:47 remaining, Mustang Quarterback Lance McIlhenny sprinted to his right and, under a heavy rush, aimed a pass at Tailback Reggie Dupard, but Texas Safety Jerry Gray broke up the play. A safety accounted for the Longhorns' last two points in their 15–12 win, which broke the Ponies' 21-game unbeaten streak. "It was an absolute street fight," said Texas Coach Fred Akers, whose team survived despite six turnovers.

According to Tulsa Coach John Cooper, the key to his team's 59–20 victory over Texas Tech was that "we kept our tight end moving all night to force them into defensive adjustments." Red Raider Defensive Tackle Brad White admitted, "Our defense did a lot of shifting to adjust to that, [but] we knew what we were doing. It wasn't confusion." Nevertheless, Tulsa tailbacks Bobby Booker and Michael Gunter scored four and three touchdowns, respectively, as Tech allowed the most points in its history.

"I have a trivia question," said Baylor Coach Grant Teaff after his Bears had beaten TCU 56–21. "Name me a walk-on freshman running back who scored three touchdowns the first college game he ever played in *and* before a homecoming crowd." Give up? He's Baylor's Derrick McAdoo, a 5′ 10″, 170-pounder from Houston. "That McAdoo is a little fireball," said Teaff. Added TCU Coach Jim Wacker, "It was a bad day at Black Rock. It looked like a racetrack out there."

It was also a bad day for Wacker's former team, the Bobcats of Southwest Texas State. Coming into their game with Stephen F. Austin, the Bobcats, whom Wacker had guided to the Division II national championship in 1981 and '82, had won 22 consecutive games, the country's longest winning streak. Southwest Texas led 17–0 at the half and 24–10 in the third quarter, but the Lumberjacks rallied behind the passing of Quarterback Tod Weder to win 27–24 on a 37-yard field goal with 44 seconds remaining.

SOUTH

"I think we did pretty well," said East Carolina Coach Ed Emory, "considering we flew down here and didn't have a place to work out." His upstart Pirates had lost 24–17 in the rain at Florida, but in Emory's eyes it was his hosts who were all wet. "The Gainesville Airport put us on hold because of all these single-engine planes that folks were flying to homecoming in," he said. "Then we had to work out in a parking lot." As for the Gator crowd, "Wayne Peace [Florida's quarterback] raises his hands, and the place is so quiet you can hear a pin drop. Our guys can't hear the signals all afternoon. I mean, is that sportsmanship?"

In the good-old-football part of Tulane's game at Southern Mississippi, the Green Wave, led by former third-string Quarterback Wade Elmore, upset the Golden Eagles 14–7. For the daytime TV audience, however, many questions remained unanswered. Will Jon English, Tulane's No. 1 quarterback until three weeks ago, take his eligibility case against the NCAA to the Supreme Court? If he does, will his case be heard? If it is, what will Wally, who's Jon's father and the Green Wave coach, say? Will the young and the restless Marcus Dupree find happiness in his Coaching Tennis class at Southern Miss? Or will he miss Oklahoma, where he apparently went to no classes at all? Will he sue the NCAA, too? Or will he throw it all away to teach tennis? And what of Bubba Brister, Tulane's erstwhile second-string quarterback, who moved to Northeast Louisiana to get away from Jon and Wally? Tune in for the next episode of *General Training Room*, when the USFL visits Hattiesburg. **END**

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Quarterback Tod Weder led Stephen F. Austin to a 27–24 upset of defending Division II champion Southwest Texas State. He completed 20 of 36 passes for 277 yards and three touchdowns.

DEFENSE: SMU Safety Russell Carter made eight unassisted tackles, assisted on five others, recovered a fumble, broke up two passes and picked off two more in the Mustangs' 15–12 loss to Texas.

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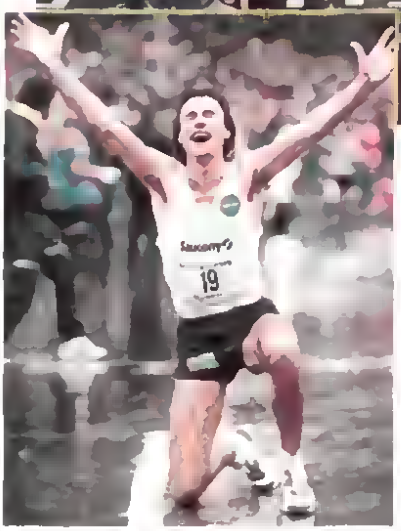
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Dixon tossed a handy kiss because ...



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There was no nixing Dixon

Rod Dixon's closing burst won the cold, wet New York City Marathon

by Craig Neff

After 16 cold, drizzly miles of Sunday's New York City Marathon, Geoff Smith looped down off the Queensboro Bridge onto First Avenue and was greeted with a roar. He had all but shed one of the largest fields in marathon history—more than 15,000 starters—with a devastating 2:06.25 pace that, if he could sustain it, would give him, in his first marathon, a world record by nearly two minutes. And so, as he entered Manhattan, he was consumed by the crowd noise. Despite the rain, people had come out en masse and decorated the area with a dazzling autumn foliage of slickers and umbrellas. "It all felt so good," Smith said later, wistfully. "I just seemed able to float away."

But Smith hadn't shed everyone: Tanzania's Gidamis Shahanga, whom he'd overtaken on the bridge less than a mile before, lurked several yards behind. Shahanga, 26 and a senior at Texas-El Paso, is the NCAA 5,000- and 10,000-meter track champion; on Sunday he'd scorched through Brooklyn and Queens, pulling Smith, 29, along at what seemed a suicidal pace. Now, as Smith floated north toward the Bronx, Shahanga shadowed him.

New Zealand's Rod Dixon came off the bridge third, in desperate pursuit of the pair 120 yards ahead of him. Dixon, the prerace favorite, was already nursing a right hamstring he'd strained on slick pavement at five miles. Here, in an effort to gain on the leaders, he put on a surge—and almost lost control, stretching the muscle to the brink of tearing. "I hit another slippery patch," he said later. "My right leg shot out from under me." Dixon caught himself and then accelerated some more. He had come to the race off months of hard training in the forest

continued

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near Reading, Pa., where he currently lives, hoping to shatter Alberto Salazar's two-year-old world best of 2:08:13. He had also brought to New York a streak of 19 consecutive road-race victories at distances ranging from five to 10 miles. That was his obsession: winning. A 1972 Olympic bronze medalist at 1,500 meters, a onetime 3:53 miler, a hard-working and hard-partying and hard-as-nails competitor, the 33-year-old Dixon saw New York as the capstone of his wide-ranging running career. But only if he won.

With Dixon and Shahanga chasing hotly after Smith, and with Grete Waitz of Norway running masterfully toward her fifth New York women's title—she would finish in 2:27.00, nearly five minutes ahead of runner-up Laura Fogli of Italy—the 1983 marathon was at last dispatching some considerable prerace worries: that its field was too weak; that fan and media support might consequently wane; that a new challenger, the rapidly growing America's Marathon/Chicago, which offered $135,000 in legal prize money and was held only one week before, might be taking over as the major race of the fall. "I welcome the so-called competition from Chicago," New York Marathon Director Fred Lebow had said. "Chicago is throwing all kinds of money around to buy top runners, but they cannot buy the vitality of New York. New York is magic."





After Dixon passed Smith (19), he planted a kiss on five-time women's winner Waitz.

But because of Olympic training and offers from Chicago, most big-name marathoners had performed a vanishing act on Lebow. Salazar, the three-time defending champion, canceled out because the race didn't fit into his training schedule. Four-time New York winner Bill Rodgers chose to run in Chicago, as did 1983 Boston champ Greg Meyer and a score of other good runners. Neither world champion Rob de Castella of Australia nor women's world-record holder Joan Benoit had any interest in New York. Says a Lebow acquaintance, "Fred was panicking."

What made Chicago more attractive to some of the runners was not just its purse but also its numerous under-the-table appearance payments; New York is said to hand out $200,000 in sub rosa prize money but very few appearance fees. "We spread our money around," said Chicago Marathon Coordinator Bob Bright, adding, "I think Fred's program is showing a little wear." Bright also said, "They're getting a reputation for going roughshod on athletes there, and it's starting to hurt them."

But the only hurts showing on Sunday were Dixon's right hamstring—he kept reaching down to grab it every few minutes—and both of Smith's hamstrings, which began to spasm in the Bronx, at 20 miles. "They started cramping up so bad I didn't know if I could finish," said Smith, who had put away Shahanga at about the 17-mile mark. Smith, a native of Liverpool, England, is a senior at Providence College and a relative latecomer to running. If nothing else, he's gritty—and now he had to be.

Dixon was closing fast, moving into second place at 18 miles and shaving Smith's lead steadily as the two crossed back into Manhattan. Smith's pace was slowing. At 20 miles he led by 500 yards; by 23 miles, the gap had been narrowed to 75. Through Central Park and around its border Dixon stalked his prey—"Better the hunter than the hunted," he would say—until with half a mile to go he was only 30 yards from the lead. Dixon had cannily run tangents on the turns along the windy park road, thereby saving yardage. Smith hadn't. "My mind wasn't there," Smith would say later.

At precisely 26 miles, Dixon caught his rival and surged past. "He didn't respond, and that gave me a charge," said Dixon. Smith was wobbling, his legs causing him what he later called "complete agony." He would stumble across the line in 2:09:08 and collapse.

Dixon hit the finish at 2:08:59, a two-minute, 22-second improvement over his only previous marathon, in Auckland in 1982. Exuberant, he fell to his knees, blew a two-handed kiss to the Lord, bowed his head onto the New York pavement, stood up and then jumped as high as he could—arms thrust upward in triumph. He planted another kiss on Waitz when she crossed the line.

Smith, having run the fastest first marathon ever, 33 seconds better than Salazar's 1980 New York performance, sat motionless in the pressroom, his hamstrings so sore he could not touch them. "This was the hardest thing I'll ever do in my life," he said softly.

Dixon explained what the race had taught him about marathoning. "That it's bloody hard," he said with a laugh, leaving one lesson unspoken. A marathon can also be bloody satisfying. **END**

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There is, however, one caveat that must be stated. Quantities of the 533i are limited. And rather than add to your current reservoir of frustrations by not being able to get one, we suggest a visit to your nearest BMW dealer in the near future for a test drive.

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Quick grabbed two passes against Chicago last Sunday but couldn't hit full stride.



They really wing it to this Eagle

Philly Wide Receiver Mike Quick has become a superb deep threat

by Jim Kaplan

The first thing you should know about Philadelphia Eagle Wide Receiver Mike Quick is that he's not very quick. But if that's so, how can Quick be averaging a gaudy 22.5 yards per catch this season, fourth best in the NFL, and rank second among all receivers with 787 yards? And how has he been able to catch 35 passes, six of them for touchdowns, and amass four 100-yard performances in eight games?

Precisely, says Eagle Cornerback Herman Edwards, because Quick isn't quick. "He's very smooth," adds Edwards, who often covers Quick in practice. "And those long strides can lull you to sleep. Suddenly, he's in your face, and it's too late."

"Quickness is one of the most overrated factors in football," says Philadelphia Tight End John Spagnola, who's not very quick himself. Quick is uncharacteristically quick to agree. "I run with the same motion at full speed as I do when I'm just starting, and guys tell me it's hard to key on me," he says. "What's important are good, disciplined routes and a knack for catching the ball. A lot of guys aren't burners, but they can catch in traffic. Look at Fred Biletnikoff."

And look at Quick. He has excellent hands, surprising durability for a 6′ 2″ 190-pounder, outtasight leaping ability and body control, as befits the near-world-class hurdler (13.8) he was in high school and college; and, most assuredly, the ability to motor once he gets untracked.

And how has all this paid off for the Eagles? Quickly now: In the third game of this season Quick helped beat Denver 13–10 with a 38-yard touchdown catch. Two weeks later he split the seams of the Atlanta defense, caught a pass, pirouetted out of one defender's grasp and pulled another with him into the end zone for the decisive score in a 28–24 win. The next week he made two TD catches, one of them a one-handed grab, in a 17–13 win over the Giants.

Quick has scored two game-winning touchdowns and set up the deciding field goal in another victory. No wonder the surprising Eagles, who were picked to finish well below .500—and last—in the NFC's Eastern Division, have a 4–4 record and are in third. But teammates say Quick's contributions don't stop with his catches. Says Quarterback Ron Jaworski, "He stretches the zones with his deep routes. Even when he's not the primary receiver, he helps the others by creating more of an area for them to work in." Adds Lynn Stiles, Philadelphia's executive director of player personnel, "Mike's blocking gives us a dimension we didn't have in the past."

And to think that the Eagles almost passed him up. In the 1982 draft they had their eyes on Clemson Wide Receiver Perry Tuttle, who had run the 40 in 4.4 seconds to Quick's 4.6 while he was at North Carolina State. But when Buffalo traded up and chose Tuttle on the pick before Philadelphia's, the Eagles cast about for a replacement. Fortunately, Stiles had done a Quick study. "We had a highlight film of him and most of it was blocking," Stiles says. "I liked his toughness and ability to go into a crowd. On the basis of what I'd seen, I called him the most competitive and sure-handed receiver in the draft."

As a rookie last year Quick caught only 10 passes in his role as Ron Smith's backup, but by season's end many members of the Eagles organization felt he should have been starting. Coach Dick Vermeil, loyal (he later admitted) to a fault, stuck with veterans. In retrospect Quick, 24, considers that apparent injustice to have been a blessing. "I wasn't ready to start," he says. "On the sidelines, I could pick up little things, like how opponents were disguising their defenses on us. This season I can just react."

continued

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"I saw his ability in camp this summer," says Marion Campbell, who succeeded Vermeil as coach after the 1982 season. "He was flashing, by which I mean he really stood out. I had to see how well he could catch, and the only way to do that was to put him in."

Quick has made an improbable invisible man of 6′ 8″ veteran Harold Carmichael, the most prolific pass catcher in Eagle history. With Jaworski directing most of his throws at Quick, Carmichael has caught more than three passes in only one game this season, a fact that teammates jokingly rub in. But there's no animosity between Quick and Carmichael; on the contrary, they're the best of friends. "Harold helped me adjust to life as a pro athlete—where to go, how to deal with people," says Quick. "And he knows as much about secondaries as any coach—who's fast, who's strong, whether to fake or go straight by a defensive back."

"He's lying," says Carmichael with a laugh. "I've learned a lot from *him*. After watching him, I'm catching the ball more with my hands and less with my body. But, sure, I help where I can. When I came into the league, Harold Jackson and Ben Hawkins took me under their wings. It's the only way to be—in life as well as in football."

In life Quick has made the best of potentially bad situations. Growing up in public housing in tiny (pop. 4,720) Hamlet, N.C., a railroad town that also produced the late saxophonist John Coltrane and newspaper columnist Tom Wicker, Quick and his nine siblings were supported by his mother, Mary, a domestic and nurse's aide. "I had a happy childhood," he says. "We had a large, close-knit family with a lot of love and respect. Two of the kids smoke, but they won't touch a cigarette around my mother. And every time I go home, I go right back to St. Mary's Holiness Church.

"If things come too easy, you don't appreciate them. I learned to work for things. I can remember getting up at 5:30 to take a bus to the fields, where I picked tobacco, cucumbers and peaches. I can remember collecting garbage for the Job Corps. But the main thing I remember is playing games. All I wanted to do was wear a jockstrap and sweat."

By the time he'd graduated from Richmond Senior High School, Quick was a celebrated swingman in basketball and hurdler in track, a decent football player, a miserable student and a kid without direction. On the suggestion of his football coach, Ron Krall, he applied for and got a scholarship to take a postgraduate year at Fork Union (Va.) Military Academy.

"I saw the movie *Taps*," Quick says. "And it all came back. Fork Union is an all-boys military school out in the woods. We'd be up at 6 a.m., with our outfits on and boots shined, get in formation and march to chow. Get your books, go to class, then formation and a march to lunch. Drill practice twice a week. Strange, different. After the first week I almost went AWOL, and once my roommate and I stuffed our beds so it would look like we were still in them and took off before turning chicken about five miles down the road. But it was just what I needed: an excellent school with a lot of decent people. I got my grades up and realized, finally, that football was my sport."



Harrington had to play catch with her near-catch.

Quick was named Fork Union's most valuable athlete and became the object of a bitter recruiting battle between North Carolina and North Carolina State. According to Red Pulliam, the academy's football coach, "I thought he could have played pro ball by the end of his year here. He was one of the finest athletic talents that I've seen in my 25 years of coaching."

But when he entered N.C. State, Quick found himself being used primarily as a blocker for Running Back Ted Brown, who has since gone on to star for the Minnesota Vikings. A typical setback, a typical response. "I heard about how receivers don't block," Quick says. "I wanted to be the opposite of that—mix it up and show I could be tough. And it's helped me. Once I get in a few good blocks, I feel better about going out and catching the ball."

By the time he graduated, Quick was the leading receiver in Wolfpack history. "I'll tell you what kind of competitor he was," says Monte Kiffin, who was Quick's coach his last two years in college and is now the linebacker coach for the Green Bay Packers. "One time in a game he was split wide on our side of the field. As the quarterback was calling the signals, he yelled over to me, 'Throw me the ball, Coach. I can beat this guy.' "

Since starting to play tackle football at the age of 10, Quick has never missed a game because of an injury. The Eagles call him Silk, a name that fits both his playing style and his personality. Quick claims that he leads a dull life. Probe a little though, and you'll find that he's a part owner of three Arabian show horses and the ranch in California where they are stabled, that he has modeled and has a tasteful collection of hats and soft leather shoes. "He's so modest," says his girl friend of five years, Teresa Harrington. "When I met him, I didn't learn for a month that he played football."

Quick and Harrington share a South Jersey town house a couple of doors down from Pete Rose's. A bright, energetic woman, Harrington has accommodated Quick—cooking, cleaning, bookkeeping, even training him during last season's strike by throwing bullet passes from five yards out—and she knows exactly what she wants in return. "Five years," she says, "and no ring. But Christmas is coming."

And Quick is weakening. Slowly. **END**


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MARK STORY

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AGE: 35

PROFESSION: Commercial film director, Pfeifer-Story Productions.

HOBBIES: Writing the ultimate self-help book for the non-gregarious, *How to Spend the Least Amount of Time with People You Don't Like.*

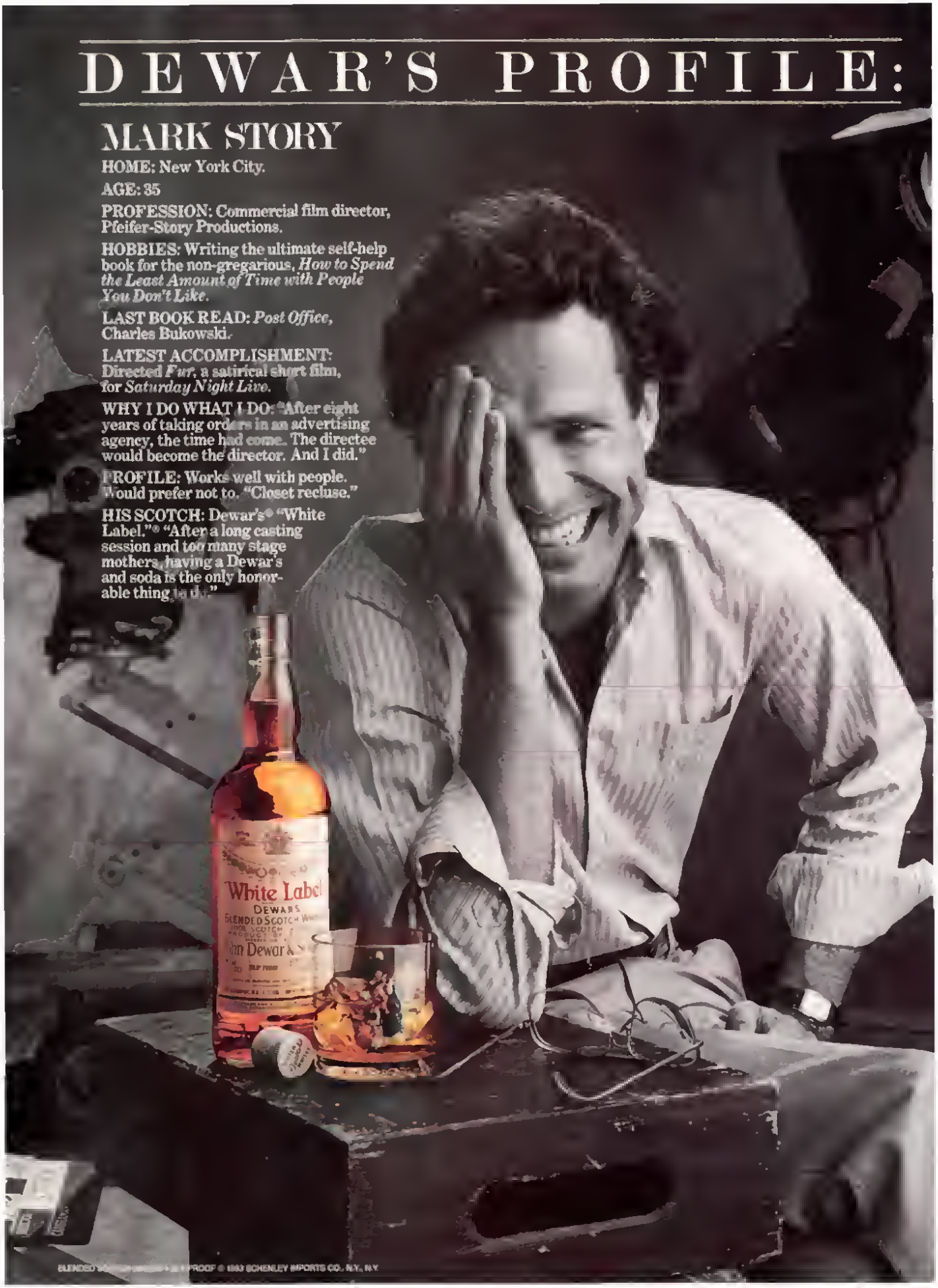
LAST BOOK READ: *Post Office,* Charles Bukowski.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Directed *Fur,* a satirical short film, for *Saturday Night Live.*

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Fresh Juice but sour ratings

Despite O.J. Simpson's promising start, Monday Night Football is hurting

by William Taaffe

Can O.J. Simpson salvage *Monday Night Football*'s season? Beset with several yawner games, television's longest-running prime-time program is hurting in the ratings, suffering a 15% decline and all but setting off fire bells at ABC. The show that altered a nation's Monday night habits, forcing bowling leagues to shift to Tuesday and even spawning the California-based Church of Monday Night Football (First Commandment: "Thou shalt keep Monday night holy—and tune in early"), suddenly needs some life. Enter the Juice, a little burst of sunshine amid the clouds. He may be the most oomph-inspiring thing to happen to the program since Dandy Don Meredith first sang *Turn Out the Lights*.

Monday Night Football has been so popular for 14 years that one network wag once cracked, "You want to solve the population problem in India? Play Monday night football in Calcutta and put it on television over there." Now the show is merely trying to hang on to American viewers, often losing in the ratings to made-for-TV movies featuring hunks and centerfold girls. Its rating through seven weeks this season had fallen to 17.8, from 21.0 in its record year of 1981. (Last year's strike precludes meaningful comparisons with '82.) Even when ABC puts the best face on things, comparing this season's rating with the composite average between '78 and '81, the numbers are still down 12%. "We are concerned, yes, but not overly so," says Jim Spence, senior vice-president of ABC Sports. "We continue to feel very strongly about the long-term viability of *Monday Night Football*."

That such assurances are necessary is newsworthy. A loss of 3.2 rating points means that some three million fewer viewers are watching ABC's commercials each Monday night. The sponsors who paid for this season's ads off last year's ratings soon may ask for "make goods"—more spots on other programs—as compensation. Says Steve Leff, who handles Miller Beer for Backer & Spielvogel, "They [ABC] will have a hell of a lot more trouble selling a new [rate] increase next year. But that does not mean they won't try."

Why the slide? Even the creator of *Monday Night Football*, Pete Rozelle, doesn't know for sure. After a slow start, CBS's NFL ratings have climbed to 15.1, just 2% behind the record level of '81. Saddled with the AFC, which has smaller markets and drearier teams than the NFC, NBC muddles through at 11.2, down 9% from '81. The USFL, cocaine-snorting players and disaffection caused by the strike all may have contributed to the Monday night problem, but ABC's zzzzzz-inducing schedule, compliments of Rozelle & Co., is probably the prime factor. Further, network ratings for most sports—notably college football—have tumbled since '81, perhaps because of the multiplicity of sports on cable.



Simpson is the rare sidekick who'll disagree with Cosell.

The one cheerful note for *Monday Night Football* is Simpson, who has replaced the irksome Fran Tarkenton on games that Howard Cosell or Meredith doesn't work. The Juice grows on you. He suffers from Bill Russell Disease—*i.e.*, his diction is deplorable, he chops the *ly* off adverbs and he sometimes talks into the next play—a malady that may have cost Russell his NBA job at CBS last week. (Tom Heinsohn will replace him on this season's NBA telecasts.) But unlike Russell, Simpson comes across as warm, sincere and enthusiastic. He has an intensity and a radiance about him that help compensate for his lack of language skill.

Whenever O.J. appears with Frank Gifford and the Danderoo—whenever Cosell disappears, that is—the crew's mood seems to improve. For a rookie in the booth, the Juice is also unusually perceptive. For example, during the Jets-Bills game early this month, Buffalo's Joe Cribbs lined up deep in the I and tried unsuccessfully to vault into the end zone from the one-yard line. Bad formation in a short-yardage situation, Simpson pointed out. Better not allow the defensive *kamikazes* so much time to fly toward the point of attack.

Unlike Earl Weaver, who served as Cosell's yes-man on the World Series, O.J. also merits a star for not being afraid to get it on with Cosell. Late in the second quarter of that New York–Buffalo game, with the Jets ahead 7–0, Cosell allowed that "if the Bills can get anything going, they'll be right back in this thing!" To which O.J. teasingly responded, "Howard, you've proved once again you've got a tremendous grasp of the obvious—to use one of your lines."

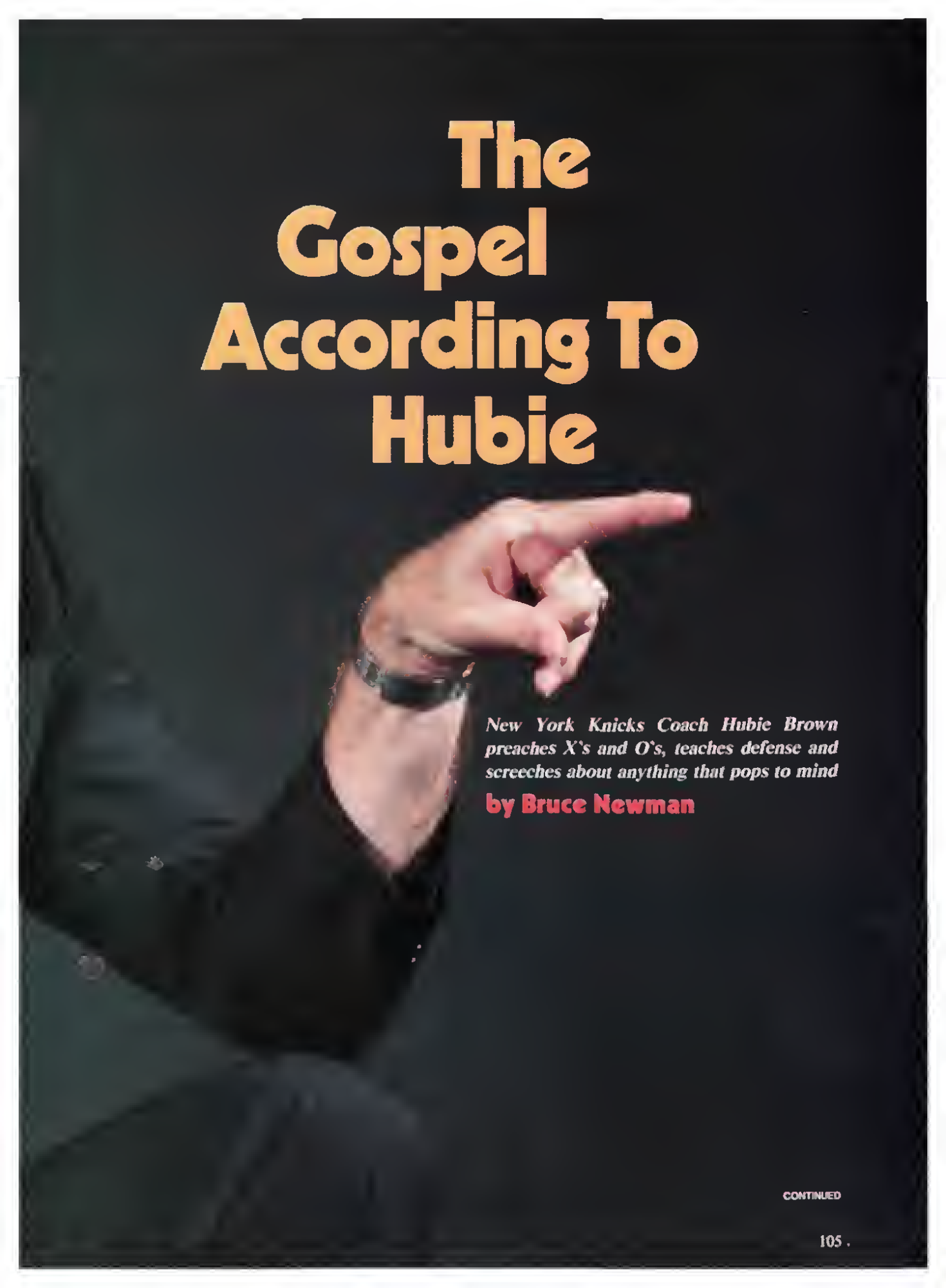
"Fine! O.K.," Cosell retorted.

Says Simpson, "Howard and I have been friends for a lot of years now. To be honest, I've found I can tease him a little more off-camera than I can on-camera."

Stay tuned for additional encounters. O.J.'s a new kid on the block who can tell it like it is, and that's a good R for *Monday Night Football*'s doldrums. END



The Gospel According To Hubie



New York Knicks Coach Hubie Brown preaches X's and O's, teaches defense and screeches about anything that pops to mind

by Bruce Newman

CONTINUED

CHARLEY: *Willy, when're you gonna realize that them things don't mean anything? The only thing you got in this world is what you can sell. And the funny thing is that you're a salesman, and you don't know that.*

WILLY: *I've always tried to think otherwise, I guess. I always felt that if a man was impressive, and well liked, that nothing—*

CHARLEY: *Why must everybody like you? Who liked J.P. Morgan? Was he impressive? In a Turkish bath he'd look like a butcher. But with his pockets on he was very well liked.*

—DEATH OF A SALESMAN

All day long the colorless sky had brooded over Phoenix like a flat and ugly threat. All that remained as night came was heat lightning and the roll of distant thunder. Soon the storm would begin.

Just as Hubie Brown stood up and moved quietly to the front of the crowded hotel conference room, jagged bolts of lightning split the night air and the rain lapped at the roof in sheets. For several moments the coach of the New York Knicks stood in silence, his eyes closed and his head tilted back. The 75 Litton Industries Credit Corporation executives, who had gathered for their national sales meeting, sat perfectly still. Then Brown slowly drew up his arms and remained that way—in the manner of someone who had been nailed to a cross—until he began to speak.

"The toughest thing . . . in my *life* . . . was to be 48 years old . . . extremely successful . . . and to get fired," Brown said, his voice booming through the room. "Remember . . . every day when you get up . . . you're just half a step away from the street. My father told me that when I was young. And if that doesn't make you give a hundred percent every day of your life, nothing will."

Many in the audience had come expecting to hear a little uplifting chalk talk sprinkled with a lot of the usual palaver about the power of positive thinking. But Brown has taken Norman Vincent Peale, stood him on his head and dressed him in a brown shirt and a blue collar. It is not the dress-for-success look, but Brown is not selling success, he's selling fear of failure. He preaches the work ethic and the out-of-work ethic in equal measure. "I don't give them all this boola-boola, rah-rah stuff," he says. "When I went to New York," he tells the salesmen, "there were 12 players on the team. Before the first game I got rid of nine. That's how you send a message!"

As Brown speaks, his chin is stuck out and his head is tilted back slightly, so that his nose seems always to be the highest point on his body. His eyes are set deeply and they seem to be measuring something far away. When Brown was 10 years old, his left eye was damaged in a playground accident, and the resulting muscle damage left him slightly walleyed, a condition that allows him to see someone standing almost behind him. For many people who approach Brown, the fact that they're never sure which eye to look him in is often just the start of what can be an unsettling experience. Brown knows he intimidates some people with his long, withering gazes, which even his best friends call The Stare. But Brown was doing little staring and lots of selling, at one point even holding up a book called *The Greatest Salesman In The World* and calling it "the bible." After an hour and a half of preaching his message, Brown

HUBIE'S HIT LIST

Brown has low regard for coaches who were players (Cunningham and Loughery), television announcers, colleagues who came up through the ranks and his former Hawk star

RUSSELL: "A moron."



ALBECK: "A washarwoman."





CUNNINGHAM: Trapped.

slumped into a chair as the salesmen responded with a long standing ovation.

Brown's message is simple: The street made you, and someday it will take you back. It happened to him when he was fired by the Atlanta Hawks in 1981; it can happen to you. Three nights earlier he was selling it to a thousand vacuum-cleaner salesmen in Syracuse, and before that in Schenectady and Gainesville and Daytona. "I'm no different than you," he tells the credit salesmen. But in a way they seem to understand better than he does. Brown is clearly not one of them. By his own estimation, Brown is better than everyone else. In the salesman's line, that is a dangerous thing to be, for you will spend your whole life selling, but never selling out.

Someone once said that Hubie Brown burned his bridges *before* him. That speaks volumes about the effect Brown's personality has on people. Brown makes little effort to conceal his contempt for many of the other 22 head coaches in the National Basketball Association, and yet he is plainly wounded by their disdain for him. He tells his players he doesn't want them to love and doesn't care if they like him, but then expects them to play harder for him than they have played for any coach in their lives. And he has waged warfare with the front office of virtually every pro team that has employed him.

"Hubie can't stand to have anybody above him," says Cotton Fitzsimmons, coach of the Kansas City Kings, who likes Brown but recognizes his flaws. "He can't believe that anybody else is doing as good a job as he does. Sometimes when you talk to Hubie you get the impression that he invented this game."

Even Brown doesn't believe he invented the whole game, but he did have a great deal to do with *reinventing* pro basketball in New York last season. In 1981-82, the year before Brown arrived, the Knicks had turned Madison Square Garden into a kennel club of yapping malcontents and strays, woofing to a 33–49 record under Coach Red Holzman. A year ago, no one expected them to do much better than that, but after a dreadful 14–26 start New York won 30 of its last 42 games. In the playoffs, the Knicks wiped out the Nets in two games before falling to the eventual champion 76ers in a series that was far more competitive than the 4–0 margin indicated. Three of the games were decided in the final seconds. In part because of the Knicks' impressive turnaround, Brown's salary was increased to a reported $300,000 a year.

Brown is one of the NBA's best technicians, a wizard of X's and O's. He started calling every play from the bench when only football coaches were doing that, and he was the first coach in the NBA to try to use 10 players in every quarter and to press for 82 games. He is the only coach whose substitution rotation is determined entirely by the clock, completely ignoring the rhythmic flow of the game. "We do a lot of radical things that pro basketball doesn't want to accept," he says. "But if you are an innovator, you will always be attacked. You can't ever allow that to stop you. The easiest thing is to just say you're going to let the players do their dance and let the talent win it or lose it. I want complete control."

While many of the league's other coaches recite a standard litany of Brown's failings, they prefer to do so off

continued





DREW: "Cement head."

LOUGHERY: "A child."





Brown is one of the game's best technicians and constantly teaches his players, whether it's during a time-out of a game or in a training-camp drill.

the record, a crutch Brown rarely uses. Denver Coach Doug Moe is an exception. "He's overrated," Moe says. "He's everybody's conception of what a good coach should be, but what has he done? His winning percentage [.497 in six NBA seasons] isn't that good. He got a lot of credit for what he did with the Knicks last season, but he had a great cast. When they were losing early in the year, he said it was because they had lousy players; and when they started to win, it was good coaching. Hubie's very insecure and an average coach who happens to be great at promoting himself. Plus, I defy anybody to say his teams aren't boring."

Brown reserves his greatest scorn for critics like Moe, and for most of the other former players who he believes are unworthy of his profession. "Who are these guys to attack me?" he says. "Down at one level you've got some children who were players—guys like Billy Cunningham and Kevin Loughery—who never coached a game and walked into jobs where there was all kinds of talent. Then you've got all the other guys, who I personally have no problem with. And way up here—so far from the rest of them we're practically on an island—you've got Jack Ramsay, Dick Motta and me."

Brown's island became even more deserted when he was censured by the NBA coaches association in September of 1982. The action came during a dramatic and bizarre meeting on Long Island following the playing of a tape on which Brown is heard criticizing Cunningham. On the tape, Brown told a roomful of high school and college coaches that Cunningham had been unable to handle a simple zone trap that the Lakers ran throughout the 1982 championship series, and that had caused the Sixers to lose. What made the remark especially incriminating was that Brown was at least partly right—Philadelphia hadn't responded with a consistent attack against the trap.

When Ramsay, who is president of the coaches association, gave Brown a chance to respond, everyone in the room thought that Brown would be forced to apologize. "At that point it was like backing an animal into a corner," says Atlanta Coach Mike Fratello, who was then Brown's assistant. "He defended himself the way he knew best."

Brown was practically trembling when he stood up to speak. "I told them, 'How *dare* you come into my classroom and tape two minutes of a three-hour clinic, then play it like this to try to embarrass me? How dare you? I do more clinics in a year than all the rest of you put together, and every time I speak I raise every one of you up to my level of X's and O's, just because you are NBA coaches like me. You think he couldn't handle a simple 1-3-1 trap? You're bleepin'-A right he couldn't! So deal with it and move on.' " He went on like that for several minutes. "There were 44 guys in that room," says Brown, referring to the 22 head coaches



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and their assistants, "and not one of them had the guts to tell me that I was wrong. I was wild. Jack Ramsay was standing next to me, and when I finished, Jack was as white as a sheet. I destroyed the guy [Cunningham] in front of the whole group. I destroyed all of them."

And he wasn't finished. Subsequently, Brown got into a fix over his criticism of Phoenix Coach John MacLeod. "I got killed for talking about MacLeod during a clinic, but all I said was that you can't expect to win a [championship] ring when your teams average so much more during the regular season than in the playoffs," Brown says. "When I speak at clinics, I use myself as an example, and if I can accept it, why can't they? What's wrong with these guys? They say they're in the stratosphere of coaching, but they don't want to talk about the possibility they made mistakes."

MacLeod, for one, didn't want to talk about it. "I have to wonder about the self-esteem of someone who has to promote himself at the expense of others," MacLeod says. "He sets himself up as some kind of paragon, but all he's done is load the gun 22 times. You don't think every time we play in New York or when I've got his ass here that I'm not loaded for bear? This is a tough job, and we just can't have that sort of thing."

Brown says he is weary of the controversies, and yet his honesty—which he frequently wields like a bludgeon—doesn't prevent him from diving into new skirmishes. He describes former CBS color analyst Bill Russell as "a moron," and CBS play-by-play announcer Dick Stockton as "a jerk," after having worked with both when he was out of coaching two seasons ago. Of the coach of the New Jersey Nets, he says, "Stan Albeck is a washerwoman who calls six people every day to find out the latest gossip. A nice man." And Brown doesn't stop there. "We've got maybe five general managers in the NBA who know anything about basketball," he says. "The other 18 are stealing their money."

Michael Gearon, president of the Atlanta Hawks and the man who put Brown on the street in 1981, says, "Is it a coincidence that in every [professional] relationship the guy has ever had, the friendships aren't there? In fact, it's almost as if they're all his mortal enemies. I think Hubie really has a contempt for people."

If that is so, then it is truly a paradox because Brown's hard-nosed brand of basketball has made him very popular with fans. "There are NBA coaches who are popular with the players, popular with management, popular with the other coaches," Fratello says, "but what coach in the league is more popular than Hubie with the people in the stands? There are people there every night just to see him." Part of his appeal is his ability to turn a word beginning with F into a noun, adjective and direct object all in the same vile sentence. "I'm more offensive in an empty building than one that's packed," Brown says. "In a packed building I'm known as colorful."

He was colorful in Atlanta, until the Hawks fired him just before the 1980-81 season ended. The Hawks claim they cashiered Brown because his abusiveness toward the players had reached a point of diminished returns. Finally, when Brown's harshness stopped working, there was nothing soft to fall back on.

"People say, 'You're too critical, you attack too much,' " Brown says. "But the real test is to hold your ground when they try to back you down and knock you on your ass. It's easy to be loved, but you have to remember that the only ones who really love you are the people who sit around that dinner table with you at night. Everybody else is trying to cover his own ass."



"He's overrated," says Moe, a rare on-the-record Brown critic.

Hubie Brown was born on Sept. 25, 1933 in the little town of Hazleton, Pa., not far from Bethlehem and Nazareth. In the manner of Catholic families at that time and place, Anna and Charlie Brown named their son for a saint, calling him Hubert Jude, the latter being the patron saint of desperate causes. Hubie was an only child, and Anna and Charlie worshiped him and raised him like their own desperate cause.

When Hubie was three, Charlie moved the family to Elizabeth, N.J., which at that time was an industrial city of 125,000 people, many of them immigrants who worshiped in the city's 15 Catholic churches. "When I was growing up, you never talked about the street you lived on," Brown recalls. "You just said what parish you were from."

The Browns settled in St. Mary's parish, in a four-family apartment house hard by the railroad tracks that came stretching out of Manhattan, 20 miles away. When one of the old steam-driven locomotives rumbled by, not 50 feet from the Browns' front door, you could gauge its speed and the number of boxcars behind it just by pressing your cheek against the window and feeling the vibration in the glass. The Browns never had a telephone or a car, and in the wintertime the furnace warmed only three of the apartment's five rooms. Anna Brown rarely left home, except to go to church almost every day, preferring to stay in the apartment with her rosary and a damp mop. "We could never use the front stairs," Hubie says, "because my mother used to wax them three times a week."

Hubie and Charlie usually called each other "Chief," as friends might. Charlie worked as a foreman at the federal shipyard in nearby Kearny until the end of

continued

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Son Brendan is an eighth-grade footballer . . .

World War II, helping to ferry completed ships to Navy yards up and down the coast. When the war ended, the shipyards began closing down, and Charlie was laid off. To remind his players how close they are to the street, Hubie frequently tells the story of how his father was thrown out of work after 19 years' service at the shipyard. In fact, Charlie worked at the facility for only 10 years before he lost his job there.

For a while Charlie worked as a maintenance man at the Singer sewing-machine plant in Elizabeth, but when the shipyard reopened he decided to go back. Three months later the docks were closed again, and this time there were no other jobs to be had. "My parents lost everything they had," Hubie says. Charlie was out of work for eight agonizing months, a period of despair for both the father and his son.

"Then one day," Hubie says, as if recalling a miracle, "my father became the janitor at my school."

To this day Brown cannot talk about his father for more than five minutes without choking up. Rather than deny Charlie this most fundamental tribute, Hubie will simply stop speaking while he stares off into space, lost in a private reverie about what, for him, was clearly the best time of his life. "My father was a giant," Brown says.

"Charlie's whole life was his son, and he was always there," recalls Jim Murphy, a standout basketball player at St. Mary's during the 1940s. "When he was watching Hubie it was just like he was watching a little puppy." Charlie never missed a game his son played throughout grammar school and high school. "You wouldn't know Charlie was there," says Al LoBalbo, who was the basketball coach at St. Mary's and now is an assistant at St. John's University. "But he was there. Sometimes I'd see him watching our practices through the window."

To Charlie, failure was a very personal act of denial. That was at the root of Hubie's own obsession with eliminating mistakes. "A lot of Hubie's life has revolved around the fact that his father wanted him to have a better life than he did," says Hubie's wife, Claire, "and that he could make that happen through sports."

Hubie soon learned that you were never far from the street, even with someone who loved you. Once after Hubie had gone 0 for 4 in a baseball game, Charlie wouldn't—or couldn't—bring himself to speak to his son. "It's not like somebody stood there and said, 'I don't love you today because you didn't get a hit,' " Claire says, "but that's what it was. When a person gets all his sense of worth in that one way, in the long run it hurts the person's sense of self-worth. The tendency is to say, 'If I lost today, then I'm not a good person.' "

If there was one thing that Brown practiced even more seriously than sports, it was Catholicism. St. Mary's was run by the Sisters of Charity, and Hubie seemed to consider their stern guidance divine. He began serving as an altar boy while in grammar school, and he hustled weddings for tips. From the fifth grade until he graduated from St. Mary's, Hubie served a daily 6:30 a.m. Mass at St. Elizabeth's Hospital for a dollar a week and breakfast with the staff. After eight years of this, when he was ready to leave for college, one of the nuns at the hospital presented him with a card of thanks and $50. "You have to understand that in 1951, fifty dollars was my father's weekly paycheck," he says. "I was stunned."

It seems odd somehow that this angry man, the most profane coach in pro basketball, should have been most strongly influenced by these vessels of God. "Some of the most important women in my life have been nuns," he says.

After Brown graduated from Niagara University in 1955 (he was a low-scoring, great-passing guard for what was one of the top teams in the country), he spent a year as the phys ed teacher at St. Mary's Academy in Little Falls, N.Y. Like many of his Niagara classmates, Brown had joined the ROTC in college, but when it became evident that the ROTC guys were taking their commissions and going to Korea, Brown quit and was drafted into the Army.

Like many good athletes, he had a way of making the Army work for him. Stationed at the Presidio in San Francisco, Brown spent two years touring the coun-

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. . . while daughter Julie, 18, with her mom and dad, does her competing on horseback

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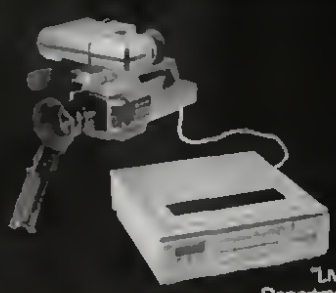
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try with various Army basketball, baseball and volleyball teams. "That was a great time for me," he says. "These other guys were all coming back from Korea, where they had been freezing their asses off, and there I was with a tan and no uniform."

When he was mustered out, Brown returned to Niagara in 1958 to get his master's degree in education, playing basketball on weekends for Rochester in the Eastern League. That was also the year he met Claire and, typically, made a vivid first impression. "A friend who was a priest had borrowed a car to take some students to the beach," she says. "Suddenly another car pulled up and a man got out and yelled, 'Father Murray, that's the last time I let you borrow my car. You told me you were going on a sick call!' " Claire remembers looking up and asking, "Who's the maniac?" It was Hubie. Father Murray of the Wayward Car married them two years later. They have four children. Molly, 22, is a recent graduate of Auburn; Ginny, 21, is a senior nursing student at St. Mary's of Notre Dame; Julie, 18, will enter the College of Charleston (S.C.) in January; and Brendan, 13, is in the eighth grade of Atlanta's Marist School.

Starting in 1959, Brown spent five years coaching baseball and jayvee basketball and serving as defensive line coach for the football team at Cranford (N.J.) High School. After that he moved to the varsity basketball coaching job at Fair Lawn (N.J.) High School. The school might as well have hired St. Jude, because the basketball team had won only four of 36 games the preceding two seasons. "When I got to Fair Lawn," Brown says, "basketball was the prelim to the wrestling matches." The first thing he did was cut all the seniors from the squad. That's how you send a message! It was a move that, predictably, caused some acrimony among parents in the community. "I got brought up before the Board of Education for that one," Brown says. The team finished 2–16 his first year. The next season Fair Lawn got hot and won five games. Everyone seemed fairly satisfied that the new coach had fallen flat on his face.



Brown, here lecturing at a coaching clinic, draws little distinction between basketball and life.

Brown taught business, economics and business law at Fair Lawn, and it was there that he learned to use the classroom as a stage. "You're always selling yourself," he says. "Those kids had a choice between five different winter sports, so when I went in that classroom, I had to give them 55 minutes of dynamite, just blow them away. If I wasn't in the top three for Teacher of the Year every year, I was ticked off. That's how good a teacher I thought I was." For all the notoriety he has achieved in basketball, Brown has spent more time standing at the blackboard in classrooms than he has as a head coach in the NBA. By his third year at Fair Lawn he had turned the program around, and the Cutters posted what was for them an impressive 14-9 record.

Brown says he was happy coaching at the high school level, but in 1967 he decided to take a chance—and an $11,500 pay cut—to become an assistant coach at William & Mary. His salary: $7,000 a year. Eight months later he was offered the freshman coaching job at Duke, also for $7,000, and he took it. For four years he was the chief recruiter at Duke, whose coach at the time was Vic Bubas, and he had the difficult task of "trying to get the best white players with the high college boards." It was a chance to further refine his salesman's pitch, so he talked and talked and talked. "Guys in the business used to say to me, 'You kill the mothers,' " he says. "And I said, 'That's right, because all those moms, they like to talk.' " Talking was something Hubie Brown could always do.

In 1972 Larry Costello, who had been Brown's teammate at Niagara, called to offer him the job as his assistant with the Milwaukee Bucks. It is fair to say that Brown would not be one of the highest paid coaches in basketball today were it not for Costello, a debt that Brown readily acknowledges. "He gave me my start," Brown says. "That was big."

Brown worked with Costello for two seasons in Milwaukee. When Charlie Brown died on Thanksgiving Day in 1973, Hubie drew closer to Costello and threw himself even further into his work. It paid off the next season when he was hired as head coach of the ABA's Kentucky Colonels, a team that included Artis Gilmore, Louie Dampier and Dan Issel. On Oct. 18, 1974, the night of Hubie Brown's first game as head coach of the Kentucky Colonels, one of the empty seats in Louisville's Freedom Hall was between two of Brown's old friends. The seat was for Charlie. "One of the toughest things in my life was that my father never got to see me as a head coach in the pros," Hubie says. The Colonels won the ABA championship in 1974-75, Brown's first year, but the next season they were eliminated in the second round of the playoffs. When the ABA and NBA merged after the 1976 season, Kentucky owner John Y. Brown decided to take what cash he could grab in the merger settlement and

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fold his tent. During this turbulent period, Hubie could not even bring himself to utter the owner's name, referring to Brown as the man who "destroyed the Kentucky Colonels basketball team." To this day, Hubie bears a grudge against Brown, who would later own and all but destroy the Boston Celtics. John Y. Brown is now governor of Kentucky.

With his team and his job gone, Hubie Brown was on the street and, presumably, frantic. As much as anything, that is what would later fuel the speculation—most of it ill-informed—that he stabbed Costello in the back by campaigning for his Milwaukee job. Costello suggested that Brown had done exactly that, and in the years that followed he repeated the charge often to other coaches.

Brown says that when the Colonels disbanded, he was approached by three NBA teams that wanted him to be head coach. He says he never pursued the Milwaukee job and that he had already come to terms with Atlanta.

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The Hawks won only 31 games in Brown's first year, and in midseason Ted Turner bought the team and subsequently instructed Brown to get rid of all the high-priced talent. What followed may have been Brown's greatest triumph. Taking a motley assortment of castoffs and no-name players (Brown had recruited a 27-year-old, 5′ 8″ guard named Charlie Criss from the Eastern League the year before), whose salaries totaled $800,000, Brown pushed and bullied and goaded the Hawks into winning 41 games and making the 1977-78 playoffs, Atlanta's first postseason appearance since 1972-73.

Brown's blue-collar image was forged in those years. He took his so-called "overachievers," taught them the importance of defense, and won 46 and 50 games the next two seasons. "You must make them play to their potential," he would say, "and you must make them cry for mercy." The work ethic that he preached had a special appeal in Atlanta, where most of the fans were white and most of the players were black. Brown had become a sort of working man's hero, an image that was sneered at by other coaches and even the Hawks' management. "That's a sort of demagogic thing," says Gearon, who was uncomfortable with the idea that Brown had become a bigger star than the players. "A lot of people feel the players are overpaid, and they like to see somebody who will kick them in the butt."

Brown was such a dazzling success with the Hawks that at one point Turner tried to persuade him to manage his Atlanta Braves. Brown almost went for it, but eventually decided the scheme was too crazy to work.

Even as the Hawks grew more successful, Brown drew further and further away from his players. "Hubie always dealt in groups," says Tom McMillen, who played with the Hawks during Brown's coaching tenure. "I think that was because it was hard for him to talk to people on an individual basis. When you motivate in a group, you sacrifice the idiosyncrasies of the individual."

One of the most idiosyncratic Hawks was John Drew, the All-Star forward to whom Brown regularly referred—both in front of his teammates and to the press—as "cement head," "moron" and "cinder head," those being among the least harsh and more printable epithets he applied to Drew. In a painfully public way, Drew had become the ultimate whipping boy. Brown never flinched from his role of bully. For his part, Drew refused to say an unkind word about the coach. But by that time, Drew, by his own subsequent admission, was a heavy user of cocaine. The season the Hawks won 50 games, 1979-80, Brown rode Drew mercilessly, a tactic that further alienated him from many of his players. "In terms of depression," says Gearon, "that year was the worst. That was brutal."

In addition to Drew, Brown blamed Guard Eddie Johnson, who would later admit that he had used cocaine, and yet a third player, whom Brown accused of being both a cocaine user and a homosexual, whenever anything went wrong. Gearon disputes the notion that for his

continued



Brown expects his players to push themselves as hard in training camp as they do during the season.

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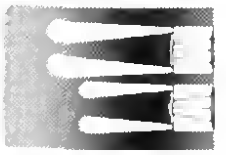
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last two years in Atlanta Brown was some kind of lone ranger crusading against cocaine, and yet he rather blithely dismisses the impact of Drew's erratic behavior. "John Drew didn't give us any problems after Hubie left," Gearon says. "He may have been a drug user, but it never caused him to be late or to miss practice. John Drew is a very stable person."

Following the Hawks' 4–1 loss to Philadelphia in the Eastern Conference semifinals in 1980, Brown says he spent $1,200 seeing a psychologist who "took my personality and put it into the drug scene." He says the sessions helped him cope with the problem of drug abuse. "So why," he wonders, "did I flip out the next year? I have no answer for that."

The Hawks were beset by injuries during the 1980-81 season, and for the first time Brown could not push his players through the pain. He spent most of his time very close to the edge. "My last year in Atlanta," he says, "I got so paranoid about the drug thing that I became distracted from my job. Every night when the locker room door closed, I was right in their faces, offering to fight them. I should have backed off, but I couldn't. In spite of the problems, I became more obsessed than ever with making the playoffs. I had no peace of mind, ever. You can't believe this creation of yours is being destroyed." The Hawks were 31–48 and in chaos when Brown was finally fired with three games left in the season.

During the months that followed, Brown convinced himself that the people in his suburban Atlanta neighborhood were whispering about him because he had lost his job. "He felt embarrassed, humiliated," says Brown's best friend, Rich Buckelew, "and he went into a shell." He began to accelerate the pace of his speaking engagements, doing 40 coaching clinics and another 40 motivational speeches during the next 18 months. (It is that kind of intensity, said Dr. Norman Scott, the Knicks' physician, that contributed to the mild case of angina and forced Brown to spend four days in New York's Lenox Hill Hospital last week.) He also earned acclaim for his work as an NBA color analyst for both the USA cable network and for CBS, although he found his experience with CBS somewhat disillusioning.

"Everybody thinks football is an incredibly complex game, run by scientific minds," Brown says, "and that's because TV analyzes every play with statistics, breaking it all down. Well, football's not nearly as intricate as basketball, but people don't realize that because CBS doesn't want that kind of analysis. Pro basketball is a beautiful, complex game, played by great athletes. But CBS doesn't want to get too technical because they think that's just for the junkies. They told me, 'Our audience doesn't want to hear that stuff, so keep it on a sixth-grade level.'"

Brown feels particularly strong about Bill Russell, who was one of the game's great centers in the 1950s and '60s when he played with the Celtics and who had done the CBS telecasts for four years before he was replaced prior to this season. "That moron has done more to cause the game's popularity to regress than anyone or anything else," Brown says. "He doesn't know anything about the game and he can't articulate anything. The guy does not prepare.

"Everybody was afraid to say anything to him because—ooh ooh—this is Big Russ. I mean who the hell is Bill Russell? The coaches didn't like him, the fans didn't like him, the guys at CBS didn't like him, but he was allowed to ruin the game. Bill Russell is a terrible human being."



Brown uses the trappings of his trade in motivational talks

When Brown became coach of the Knicks last year, a columnist wrote in *The New York Times* that after 26 years of coaching, "Hubie Brown was home."

There was something smug in that, of course, and Brown heard the implied Jersey joke, even if no one else did. "Everybody tells me I'm where I belong now, but that's bull," Brown says. "I belong across the river. I'm a Jersey guy."

All of New York at his feet, king of the hill, top of the heap, and the only thing Brown ever wanted was to be a Jersey guy. "Jersey guys stick together," Brown explains. "There is a unification of guys." When Joe Taub, a Jersey guy who owns the New Jersey Nets, began hinting just before the end of last season that he wanted to lure Brown across the river, the Knicks gave Brown a raise and contract extension. "The truth is, I was ready to go," Brown says, "but the Knicks wouldn't give me permission."

It had been just a few months earlier that Brown had thought he heard the street calling him again. After two weeks, the Knicks were 0–7, and in New York that's not a start, it's an invitation to a funeral. Brown just kept pushing, and taking names along the way. "People say I don't ever forget," he says, "and they're right. Once we got it going [last season], everybody jumped to the front of the parade, and I was a genius. But what had changed?"

Some things never change, just as some people never do. For now, Brown is content to bask in the heat of his own genius. But another winter is coming, another season. And sooner or later a salesman has got to go back out into the street. It comes with the territory. END


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On The Scene

by RICK TELANDER

CHAMPION JIGSAW PUZZLERS GET THE PICTURE WITHOUT FALLING TO PIECES

One piece every seven seconds. That's what 21-year-old Joellen Beifuss averaged during the 59 minutes and 43 seconds it took her to win the singles title at the second annual National Jigsaw Puzzle Championships in Athens, Ohio. Beifuss, a junior political science major at Duke University, put her 500-piece finals puzzle together so quickly that the whole puzzling affair smelled fishy.

But no. The championship puzzles, which were designed by Hallmark Cards, Inc., had been kept under lock and key and seen by no one but Hallmark officials until the sealed boxes arrived on the backs of three parachutists moments before the finals began. The wind was light, and the parachutists landed on target in the pasture in front of The Dairy Barn, Southeastern Ohio Cultural Arts Center, which hosted the finals on Aug. 21.

So nobody could have cheated. Cheating at puzzling doesn't make much sense, anyway—unless you're the type Ann-Margret played in the movie *The Cincinnati Kid.* While her boyfriend, Steve McQueen, played big-time poker, she sat in her room working on puzzles, using scissors to cut off the edges of pieces that didn't fit.

But Ann-Margret was bored, and the puzzlers in Athens were fired up. At the gun the 15 finalists—down from 264 singles entrants—tore open their boxes, dumped the contents on white-paper-wrapped lunch tables and commenced puzzling. Each had been given a floral arrangement entitled, "Please Pick the Flowers." It would take a normal human about 10 minutes just to separate all the pieces and turn them over. But in that time Beifuss had already finished half a dozen bouquets and was well into the edge.

It should be noted that watching somebody make a puzzle is about as exciting as watching a worm make soil, unless you care a lot about either process, or it's done fast. And Beifuss was fast. She cut more than 2½ hours from last year's winning singles time, a time which had been described in Hallmark's press kit as "incredible." Onlookers were reverent. "She's devastating," said third-place finisher Andy Bradburn, 21, from Chicago. "She must have a photographic memory," said meet organizer Diane Wall. "She can look at a blank space and then find the piece that fits without looking back."



PHOTOGRAPH BY W.L. McINTYRE

After she surveys her scattered domain, puzzle queen Beifuss begins work on its unification.

What really stunned observers was Beifuss' ability to puzzle with both hands, a feat roughly akin, puzzlers imply, to Steve Carlton alternating right- and left-handed sliders. Afterward, Beifuss sat in the sun, her T-shirt sleeves rolled up to facilitate tanning, and shrugged off her feat. "People tell me I was using both hands," she said, smiling. "But I don't remember."

One contestant who didn't get too worked up over matters was the aptly named John Blythe, 42, of Denver. "I don't see how you could consider this a sport in any way. I think some people have an innate ability to put puzzles together," said Blythe, who placed fifth in singles last year, the highest finish by a male in 1982, and was named this year's "King of Puzzling," a sort of puzzling sportsmanship award. "Too many people who are good at it are just quirks. They're not well-rounded people."

But Blythe himself is proof that rough edges are what make puzzlers so interesting. Though he is married, has a year-old child, went to Yale and dresses straight preppie, Blythe is happily without a job. And he is not looking for one. He hasn't had one for 18 years. So what does he do? "Nothing," he says. "Really, I mean that." No hidden trust funds, either. "You'd be amazed at how little money you need to live," he says cheerily.

Blythe, who hitched a ride to the Athens finals, entered the "sprints" this year, a new contest for the Carl Lewises of puzzling. In head-to-head competition sprinters work on plate-sized, 70-piece puzzles, eliminating one another until one sprinter remains. The prize for first place in the sprints was a selection of Hallmark puzzles, while the singles and doubles titlists pocketed $1,000.

In the second round of the sprints, Blythe took on April Neth, an excitable high school senior from Columbus, Ind. An accomplished gymnast and runner, Neth, 17, was trembling with competitive fervor before starting on her puzzle, a rainbow scene. Blythe beat her soundly, however, cunningly doing the white background and edges before the prima-

ry colors, and Neth pounded the table in disgust. A moment later she was smiling, though. "I'll definitely be back," she said. "I just got messed up on the rainbow. I think I had it going the wrong way."

Blythe himself made it only to the fourth of eight rounds in the sprints, but he didn't mind. "Money is of no importance," he explained again. And, of course, if he'd made it to the finals he would have had to face the two-handed Beifuss, who also won the sprints pulling away.

The first puzzles were carved in the mid-1700s by an Englishman named John Spilsbury. His puzzles were maps of the world, which seems to be a more logical way of using odd shapes than the single-color puzzles on the market today. Through the years puzzling has gone in and out of style, but right now it's a growth industry, with some $40 million worth of sales annually. Who puzzles? People "who have been encouraged as children to explore and seek answers," says Edward L. Deci, professor of psychology at the University of Rochester. Bing Crosby, Gary Cooper and Marilyn Monroe liked to puzzle. But how were they against the clock?

"I don't know what it takes to be good at this," says Lisa Heiser, 19, who, along with her married sister, Lori Reeves, 23, repeated as doubles champion this year, completing a 1,000-piecer in a little more than two hours and 20 minutes. "We're both lousy at math, so that's out."

"I like needlepoint," says Lori.

"But I don't," says Lisa.

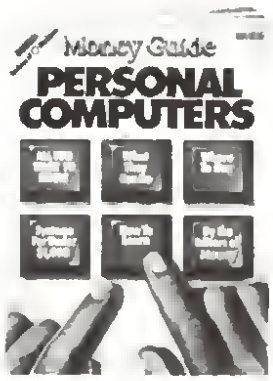
What both Columbus, Ohio, natives dislike are bad puzzles. "We threw out a puzzle of pins and needles this year because we couldn't stand it," says Lori. "We had some other bad ones, too. Macaroni, I think. And baked beans."

"They were unappetizing," says Lisa.

There is no trick to good puzzling, the sisters say. Just stick with color groups and major objects. If you can start with the edge, great, but don't get hung up on it. "Don't try to do the things you can't do," says Lori. "Keep moving."

Beifuss' approach to puzzling is even more casual. During the school year she doesn't mess with puzzles at all. At home in Memphis she'll put Bruce Springsteen or the Police on the stereo, place a board on her lap and puzzle the night away. "It's not total concentration," she says. "You can talk to people and do puzzles at the same time, which is nice." END





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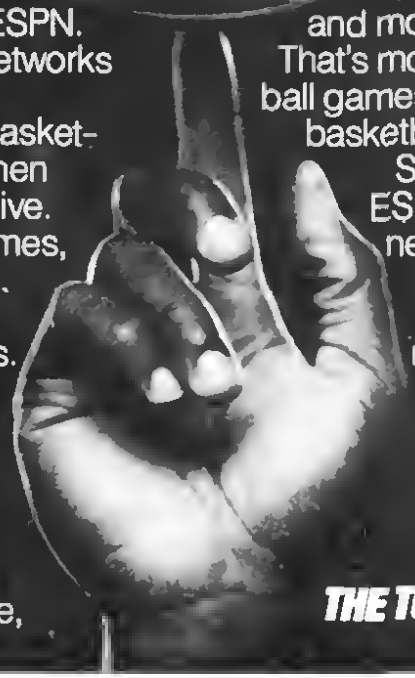
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 17-23

Compiled by IVAN MAISEL

ARCHERY—At the world championships in Long Beach, Calif., RICK McKINNEY of the U.S. won his second men's title, edging countryman Darrell Pace. Both finished with 2,617 points, but McKinney had shot 124 10s to Pace's 116. JIN HO KIM of South Korea won the women's title, while the U.S. and SOUTH KOREA won the men's and women's team titles, respectively.

BOXING—BRUCE CURRY successfully defended his WBC super lightweight title with a 12-round split decision over Leroy Haley in Las Vegas.

EUSEBIO PEDROZA retained his WBA featherweight title with a 15-round unanimous decision over Jose Caba in Saint-Vincent, Italy.

PRO FOOTBALL—There were so many comebacks it seemed Lee Iacocca had been named commissioner. Green Bay set the tone Monday night, when Jan Stenerud kicked a 20-yard field goal with 54 seconds left to beat Washington 48–47. On Sunday, the Redskins rebounded to overpower Detroit 38–17, despite the absence of John Riggins due to an ailing back. Joe Washington started in his place and rushed for 147 yards. Atlanta trailed the Jets 21–0 late in the third quarter but needed only 4:08 to tie the score. With White Shoes Johnson, who scored a TD on a 71-yard punt return in the last quarter, leading the way, the Falcons went on to a 27–21 victory. The San Francisco 49ers scored 21 points in the last 7:51 to overcome the Los Angeles Rams 45–35 (*page 22*). Denver scored two fourth-quarter touchdowns to beat Dan Fouts–less (shoulder injury) San Diego 14–6. New Orleans quickly fell behind Tampa Bay 14–0, but Safety Bobby Johnson's 70-yard third-quarter interception return for a TD gave the Saints a 24–21 win over the 0–8 Bucs. Veteran Cornerback Ken Riley's 42-yard interception return for a score gave Cincinnati a 28–21 win over Cleveland. The Browns had led 21–14 in the third quarter. Two other comebacks didn't quite pay off. Seattle charged from a 24–0 deficit to scare Pittsburgh before succumbing 27–21, and Green Bay couldn't do it again. The Packers fell behind Minnesota 17–3 before losing 20–17 in overtime on Benny Ricardo's 32-yard field goal. Dallas, which had come back seven times in going 7–0, had something of a reverse pulled, as the Los Angeles Raiders came back to win 40–38, on a 26-yard field goal by Chris Bahr with 20 remaining on the clock. Miami whipped Baltimore 21–7, Chicago edged Philadelphia 7–6, New England shocked Buffalo 31–0 and Kansas City kept Houston winless with a 13–10 overtime win.

GOLF—PAYNE STEWART shot a 19-under-par 269 to win a $400,000 PGA event by two strokes over Nick Faldo and Mark McCumber in Lake Buena Vista, Fla.

HOCKEY—Quebec blew through its three opponents like a Nordique wind, winning by a combined score of 24–6. Tony McKegney had five goals and three assists, and Peter Stasny added two goals and six assists during the Quebec binge. The Nordiques, who lead the Adams Division and have three of the NHL's top four scorers, capped off the week with an 11–2 thrashing of Minnesota. Those 11 goals were the most the North Stars have allowed in a game in nearly seven years. The Rangers beat the Islanders 3–2, with rookie Right Wing Peter Sundstrom, at 3:09 of the third period, scoring his third game-winning goal of the season. He made it four the next night when his overtime goal gave the 9–1 Rangers a 6–5 win. They paced the Patrick Division, which had a bad week. Its six teams were 2–7–1 in intradivision play. Edmonton continued to lead the Smythe Division, despite having its seven-game season-opening win streak snapped 7–2 by previously winless Los Angeles. Thus buoyed, the Kings blitzed New Jersey 8–3, with newly acquired Ken Houston getting a hat trick. In a battle for sole possession of first place in the Norris Division, Joey Mullen's pair of goals gave St. Louis a 2–1 victory over Chicago.

HORSE RACING—A PHENOMENON, ridden by Angel Cordero, won the $115,000 Vosburgh Stakes at Aqueduct by 1¾ lengths over Fit to Fight. The 3-year-old's time for the seven furlongs was 1:21.

MARATHON—ROD DIXON won the New York Marathon with a time of 2:08:59, nine seconds faster than that of Geoff Smith. GRETE WAITZ won her fifth women's title, in a time of 2:27:00. Laura Fogli was second, 4:49 seconds back (*page 94*).

MOTOR SPORTS—TEO FABI, in a March, won a 300-km Indy-car race by 22 seconds over Mario Andretti, in a Lola. Fabi averaged 106.943 mph on the 1.9-mile Laguna Seca Raceway in Monterey, Calif.

TENNIS—CHRIS EVERT LLOYD defeated Jo Durie 6–1, 6–1 to win the $150,000 Daihatsu Challenge, in Brighton, England.

BRIAN GOTTFRIED beat Mel Purcell 6–2, 6–3, 7–5 to win a $117,000 Grand Prix event in Vienna.

TRIATHLON—At the Ironman World Championships in Kailua, Hawaii, DAVE SCOTT won his second consecutive title with a time of 9:05:56, beating Scott Tinley by 37 seconds. SYLVIANE PUNTOUS won the women's division, finishing in a time of 10:43:34, nearly six minutes ahead of the runner-up, her twin, Patricia.

MILEPOSTS—NAMED: PGA Player of the Year, HAL SUTTON, 25, who this year has won the PGA and Tournament Players championships.

PLEADED GUILTY. In Federal District Court in Kansas City, 1971 American League Most Valuable Player and Cy Young Award winner VIDA BLUE, 34, to a charge of possessing three grams of cocaine, a misdemeanor that carries a maximum penalty of one year in prison and a $5,000 fine. Blue, who was waived by the Kansas City Royals on Aug. 5, was released on a $5,000 personal recognizance bond. He will be sentenced on Nov. 17.

SIGNED. By the St. Louis Steamers of the MISL, Midfielder RICK DAVIS, 24, a six-year veteran of the NASL's Cosmos, to a three-year contract for an undisclosed amount.

SUSPENDED. For two years, retroactive to Aug. 14, by the International Weightlifting Federation, 132-pound-class world-record holder DANIEL NUNEZ, 25, of Cuba. Olympic 242-pound-and-over-class medal prospect JEFF MICHELS, 21, of Chicago and nine other lifters for using banned substances during the 1983 Pan American Games.

TRADED. By the Los Angeles Kings, Defenseman LARRY MURPHY, 22, to the Washington Capitals for Defenseman BRIAN ENGBLOM, 28, and Right Wing KEN HOUSTON, 30. By the Pittsburgh Penguins, Right Wing RICH SUTTER, 19, and a second-round draft choice in 1984, to the Philadelphia Flyers for centers RON FLOCKHART, 23, and MARK TAYLOR, 25, Left Wing ANDY BRICKLEY, 23, and a first-round pick in '84. The teams will also switch third-round draft positions in '84.

By the Phoenix Suns, Guard DAVID THIRDKILL, 23, to the Detroit Pistons for two draft choices.

DIED: PETER SEITZ, 78, the labor arbitrator whose decision paved the way for baseball's present system of free agency, following spinal surgery, in New York. In 1975 cases involving pitchers Andy Messersmith and Dave McNally, Seitz ruled that the reserve clause, which to that date had bound a player to a club indefinitely, was valid for only one year following expiration of the contract.

KELSO, 26, five-time Horse of the Year (1960-64), who finished in the money in 53 of 63 starts and won $1,977,896, of a suspected case of colic, in Chesapeake City, Md.

CREDITS

2,3—Heinz Kluetmeier (left). Tony Triolo. **4**—Peter Read Miller. **17**—George Silk–Life. **20**—Illustration by Sam O. Weissmen. **22,23**—Peter Read Miller. **24,25**—Richard Mackson (3); Peter Read Miller (top right). **26,27**—Peter Read Miller (top left); Richard Mackson (right); Jacqueline Duvoisin. **28,29**—Paul Bereswill (left); John D. Hanlon. **30,31**—Andy Hayt (center); Manny Millan (2). **32**—Andy Hayt. **37**—Manny Millan (top); Andy Hayt (2). **41**—Andy Hayt (right). **34,35**—Andy Hayt. **80,81**—Peter Read Miller. **82**—Paul Bereswill. **84**—Bill Luster. **86,88**—Jerry Wachter. **94**—John Iacono. **96**—John Iacono (left); Anthony Nesta. **98,100**—Georga Tiedemann. **103**—ABC. **104,105**—George Tiedemann. **106,107**—Focus on Sports (far left); (center to right); Heinz Kluetmeier; Jerry Wachter; Focus on Sports; Manny Rubio. **108**—Bill Luster (top); George Tiedamann. **110**—Peter Read Miller. **112**—Bill Luster. **114-118**—George Tiedemann. **123**—(top to bottom) Scott Robinson; Don W. Horton; Steve Bittner; Gane Sweeney Jr.; Diena Church (2). **124**—Movia Star News.

FACES IN THE CROWD



DANA ANDERSON
JACKSONVILLE

Dana, 16, won five gold medals and one silver at the U.S. Swimming Junior Olympics. She won the 1,500-meter freestyle in 16:57.31, set national junior records in the 200- (2:03.63) and 400-meter (4:19.51) free and was on two winning relay teams.



RANDY CLARK
FAIR OAKS, CALIF.

Randy, 11, became one of the youngest shooters to score a perfect 25 out of 25 in tournament 28-gauge skeet competition, at Mather AFB in Rancho Cordova, Calif. That day, in the 20-gauge, he twice went 25 out of 25 and totaled 94 out of 100.



KARLA SCHOENLY
ELK GARDEN, W. VA.

Karla, a senior All-State guard at Elk Garden High, had a career-high 49 points in a 55–49 win over West Virginia School for the Deaf. It was the second time this year that she had equaled or exceeded the score of the opposing team.



KEN HILL
OVERLEA, MD.

Ken, a junior tailback at Overlea High, used four ways to score five touchdowns in a 34–20 win over Perry Hall. He returned a kickoff 82 yards, ran a punt back 70, caught a touchdown pass and rushed eight and 71 yards for scores.



KILEY JONES
NEW YORK CITY



RICHARD ILLINGWORTH
NEW YORK CITY

Jones, a 16-year-old student at The Browning School, and Illingworth, a 44-year-old metals trader, upset Archie Peck, 47, and Dana Dribben, 34, of Palm Beach, Fla., 26–11 to win the United States Croquet Association doubles title at the national championships in New York. The competition attracted 23 other doubles teams, one of which included last year's champion, Archie Burchfield of Stamping Ground, Ky. (SI, April 4). Burchfield's team was defeated 26–14 by Jones and Illingworth.

THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

LIONS VS. THE TIDE

Sir:

As an avid Penn State fan, I enjoyed Craig Neff's article on the Penn State–Alabama game (*They're Lion Low No More*, Oct. 17). Because Alabama fans were so infuriated by Field Judge Jack O'Rourke's so-called "homer" call on Preston Gothard's apparent TD, I'd like to set the record straight. On Oct. 12, I read with interest a UPI release datelined Centerville, Mass. The article stated that Art Hyland of the Collegiate Independents Football Officiating Association said that a film review of the Gothard reception was inconclusive and, because of the camera angles, it was "impossible" to determine whether Gothard had possession of the ball before going out of bounds. According to Hyland, O'Rourke made the correct call.

Also, according to Hyland, the films did show one infraction for certain—Alabama's tight end was "illegally in motion on that same play." How 'bout them grits, 'Bama?

JOE MAIELLO
Spring Mount, Pa

Sir:

During the past week I have seen dozens of replays, from several angles, of Preston Gothard's catch, and they all showed that it should have been called a touchdown. A TD would have tied the score at 34–34, and Alabama could have won the game with a successful extra-point kick.

Your excellent photographs show that Gothard *did* catch the touchdown pass in-bounds. I have one bone to pick, though. In your weekly Top 20 you dropped Alabama from fourth to 10th place. Why? Had the official not made a mistake on that play, Alabama would have been 5–0. Your rankings should be based on what the players do, not on obvious, though honest, mistakes by officials.

A Sugar Bowl rematch between a Southeastern Conference champion Alabama and an 8–3 Penn State might be the best way to resolve the matter. Until then, the polls should treat Alabama as though it had won the game, not lost it.

I'd wish Penn State good luck, but I think it's evident that the Nittany Lions already have it.

BILL KLING JR.
Huntsville, Ala.

HOCKEY 1983-84

Sir:

Thanks for the preview by Jack Falla of the 1983-84 NHL season (Oct. 10). It was excellent. His point about "teams that show up for every game—and pay for it" was absolutely correct. Unfortunately, the regular season doesn't give teams much incentive to play all out anymore. As I write this, I notice the Islanders are getting badly beaten by Quebec. Big deal. The last time these two faced each other in the playoffs, it was a four-game sweep for New York. Forget about five Islander Cups in a row; let's talk about six!

PERRY KANE
South Pasadena, Calif.

Sir:

Are you serious? The Bruins picked as a team not to make the finals? Come May, it'll be Boston that'll be hanging a banner in the rafters, boys. Sorry, Islanders.

DARRIN SMITH
North Dighton, Mass.

Sir:

Thank you for finally writing a feature article on Rod Langway (*Splendid Capital Gain*, Oct. 10). It's too bad there wasn't enough space for E.M. Swift to tell how this outstanding young man achieved much of his success. In 20 years of coaching I have never seen anyone work as hard, have more self-discipline or have a better attitude than Rod. He deserves every accolade there is. I am very proud to have been a part of his earlier career.

PHIL CARLINO
Football Coach
Randolph High School
Randolph, Mass.

NEW PITCH (CONT.)

Sir:

Now that the baseball season is over, I'd like to commend Herm Weiskopf on the best new feature in SI in years, INSIDE PITCH. Week in and week out I gathered more information from that section than one would ordinarily glean from a major newspaper in a

continued

BROTHER ACTS

Sir:

Regarding the quote "Why a duck?" attributed to Groucho Marx from the movie *Duck Soup* at the beginning of Alexander Wolff's article on the Jones brothers (*It's a Mighty Good Road*, Oct. 17), I think it would more properly be credited to Groucho's brother Chico in their first movie, *The Cocoanuts* (Paramount, 1929), based on the George S. Kaufman-Irving Berlin musical comedy of the same name. The dialogue, as taken from the book *The Marx Brothers: Their World of Comedy* by Allen Eyles (A.S. Barnes, 1966), went as follows:



CHICO AND GROUCHO

GROUCHO: *Now here is a little peninsula, and here is a viaduct leading over to the mainland.*

CHICO: *Why a duck?*

GROUCHO: *I'm all right. How are you? I say here is a little peninsula and here is a viaduct leading over to the mainland.*

CHICO: *All right, why a duck?*

GROUCHO: *I'm not playing ask me another. I say that's a viaduct.*

CHICO: *All right, why a duck? Why a duck, why-a no chicken?*

GROUCHO: *Well, I don't know why-a no chicken. I'm a stranger here myself. All I know is that it's a viaduct. You try to cross over there a chicken and you'll find out vy-a-duck.*

CHICO: *When I go someplace I just—*

GROUCHO: *It's deep water, that's vy-a-duck. Deep water. Look, look suppose you were out horseback riding and you came to that stream, and you wanted to ford over. You couldn't make it. It's too deep.*

CHICO: *What-a you want with a Ford if you gotta horse?*

GROUCHO: *Well, I'm sorry the matter ever came up. All I know is that it's a viaduct.*

CHICO: *I know. All right, I catch on why a horse, why a chicken, why this, why that. I no catch on why a duck.*

GROUCHO: *I was only fooling. I was only fooling. They're going to build a tunnel there in the morning. Now is that clear to you?*

CHICO: *Yes, everything except why a duck.*

JEAN M. MULCAHY
Haverhill, Mass.

The Spirit of America



Sundown on the Mississippi by Lisl Dennis

Men with imagination as big as the Delta sky tamed the Mississippi. And at sunset, rivermen still wind down the day sipping America's native whiskey: Kentucky Bourbon. Old Grand-Dad still makes that Bourbon like we did in 1882. It's the spirit of America.



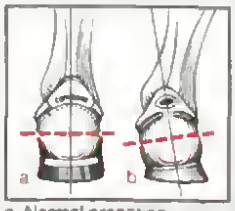
Old Grand-Dad

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a Normal pronation
b Excessive pronation

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The Stabilizer Bar is not, however, the only advantage the Phaeton and Selena enjoy over conventional running shoes. The shoes also have Scotch Lite® Reflective Fabric* for night running safety which, under normal circumstances, allows you to be seen in all directions from over 200 yards away.

And they weigh a mere 270 grams in Size 9.

But superlatives aside, there really is only one way to determine what the Phaeton and Selena can do for you: run, *very carefully*, down to your nearest Converse dealer and try a pair on.



The Converse Stabilizer Bar It acts as a brake during pronation



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week. SI has always been more than just illustrations. Text has been as strong a suit, and Weiskopf has earned my Most Valuable Writer award for baseball for 1983.

BRIAN ILLES
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Sir:

In his column of Oct. 10, Herm Weiskopf noted that Tim Raines topped the 70 mark in both stolen bases and RBIs this season. However, he left Eddie Collins off his list of Raines's predecessors; in 1910, playing for the Philadelphia Athletics, Collins had 81 steals and 81 RBIs.

Collins and Ty Cobb are the only two modern players to achieve the 80-80 double. Cobb had 83 steals and 144 RBIs in 1911 and 96 steals and 99 RBIs in 1915, making him the only 90-90 player in baseball history.

J KEVIN GRAFFAGNINO
Shelburne, Vt

Sir:

The St. Louis Browns have been maligned throughout history, so let's not deprive them of a rare moment of glory. In INSIDE PITCH (Oct. 10) it was incorrectly noted that after Ernie Koob of the Browns no-hit Chicago on May 5, 1917, "Bob Groom of Chicago returned the favor" the next day.

Groom was actually Koob's teammate on the Browns. It was the only instance in major league history when pitchers on the same team threw no-hitters on consecutive days. The no-hitters themselves weren't consecutive, however, because Groom's came in the second game of a May 6 doubleheader.

There were several oddities regarding the Koob-Groom no-hitters:

Both were in the midst of miserable seasons. Groom, in fact, tied for the American League lead in losses (he was 8–19); Koob finished 6–14.

Koob's no-hitter was originally reported as a one-hitter. An infield single by Chicago's Buck Weaver (later one of the banned "Black Sox") was changed to an error after the game. On May 7, 1917 I.E. Sanborn of the *Chicago Tribune* wrote of the second no-hitter: "There was no flaw in Groom's no-hit game. It was free from taint or suspicion which always will cling to the postmortem thing handed Koob yesterday by expunging a hit that had already been recorded."

Before pitching his no-hitter in the May 6 nightcap, Groom had relieved in the opener, saving a win for Eddie Plank. He did not allow a hit in that game either.

BOB FULTON
Sportswriter
The Indiana Gazette
Indiana, Pa.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N Y 10020.

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